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THE

LOOKING-GLASS

FOR THE

M I N D;

OR,

INTELLECTUAL MIRROR;

BEING AN

ELEGANT COLLECTION

OF THE

MOST DELIGHTFUL LITTLE STORIES AND INTERESTING TALES,

CHIEFLY TRANSLATED FROM THAT MUCH ADMIRED WORK

L'AMI DES ENFANS.

WITH SEVENTY-FOUR CUTS, DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. CROWDER,

FOR E. NEWBERY, THE CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M,DCC,XCVI.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
10
JUN
1925
OXFORD

PREFACE.

THE following Pages may be conſidered rather as a Collection of the BEAUTIES of M. BERQUIN, than as a literally abridged Tranſlation of that Work, ſeveral original Thoughts and Obſervations being occaſionally introduced into different Parts of them.

The Stories here collected are of the moſt intereſting Kind, ſince Virtue is conſtantly repreſented as the Fountain of Happineſs, and Vice as the Source of every Evil. Nothing extravagant or romantic will be found in theſe Tales, neither enchanted Caſtles, nor ſupernatural Agents, but ſuch Scenes are exhibited as come within the Reach of the Obſervations of young People in common Life, the Whole being made familiar by an innocent Turn of Thought and Expreſſion, and applied to

deſcribe their Amuſements, their Purſuits, and their Neceſſities.

As a uſeful and inſtructive *Pocket* LOOKING-GLASS, we recommend it to the Inſpection of every Youth, whether Miſs or Maſter; it is a MIRROR that will not flatter them, nor lead them into Error; it diſplays the Follies and improper Purſuits of the youthful Breaſt, points out the dangerous Paths they ſometimes tread, and clears the Way to the *Temple of Honour and Fame.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE uncommon Encouragement which this Selection has received from a diſcerning Public, has naturally excited a grateful Promptitude in the Publiſher's Breaſt, to render it ſtill more worthy of their Patronage.—From this Motive the preſent Edition is embelliſhed with more than Seventy Cuts; in the Execution of which no Expence has been ſpared, and the Publiſher hopes, with ſome Confidence, that the Book will be deemed as neat and elegant in its Appearance, as it is valuable for real and intrinſic Merit.

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THE

LOOKING-GLASS.

LITTLE ADOLPHUS.

IN one of the villages in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, lived little Adolphus, who had the misfortune to loſe his mother, before he had reached his eighth year. Notwithſtanding his early age, this loſs made a ſtrong impreſſion on his mind, and evidently affected the natural gaiety of his diſpoſition. His aunt, the good Mrs. Clark-

ſon, took him home to her houſe, in order to remove him from the ſcene of his affliction, and to prevent his grief adding to the inconſolable ſorrows of his father.

After the uſual time, they left off their mourning; but, though little Adolphus affected chearfulneſs, yet his tender heart ſtill felt for the loſs of his mother. His father, whom he ſometimes viſited, could not avoid obſerving how little Adolphus endeavoured to conceal his grief; and this conſideration made him feel the more for the loſs of a wife, who had given birth to ſo promiſing a child. This made ſuch an impreſſion on his mind, that every one foreſaw it would bring on his final diſſolution.

Poor Adolphus had not been to ſee his dear father for ſome time; for, whenever he propoſed it to his aunt, ſhe conſtantly found ſome excuſe to put it off. The reaſon was, that Mr. Clarkſon being ſo ill, ſhe feared that ſeeing him in that condition would increaſe the grief of Adolphus too much, and lay on his heart a load too heavy for him to ſupport. In ſhort, the loſs of his wife, and his uneaſineſs for his ſon, put an end to Mr. Clarkſon's life on the day before he reached the fiftieth year of his age.

The next morning, little Adolphus thus addreſſed his aunt: "This is my dear father's birth-day, I will go and ſee him, and wiſh him joy." She endeavoured to perſuade him from it; but, when ſhe found that all her endeavours were in vain, ſhe conſented, and then burſt into a flood of tears. The little youth was alarmed, and almoſt afraid to aſk any queſtions. At laſt, "I fear (ſaid he) my dear papa is either ill or dead. Tell me, my dear aunt, for I muſt and will know: I will ſleep no more till I ſee my dear father, who ſo tenderly loves me."

Mrs. Clarkſon was unable to ſpeak; but when Adolphus ſaw his aunt take out his mourning clothes, he was too well ſatisfied of what had happened. "My dear papa is dead! (cried he) O my papa, my mamma! both dead! What will become of poor Adolphus!" and then fainted, when Mrs. Clarkſon found it difficult to bring him to his ſenſes.

As ſoon as he was a little come to himſelf, "Do not afflict yourſelf, my dear child, (ſaid his aunt) your parents are both living in heaven, and will intercede with God to take care of you while on earth. While he yeſterday was dying,

his laſt prayer was for you, and his prayer will be heard."

"What, did my dear father die yeſterday, while I was thinking of the pleaſure I ſhould this day have on ſeeing him? Oh! let me go and ſee him, ſince I cannot now diſturb him, or make him unhappy on my account. Pray, my dear aunt, let me go."

Mrs. Clarkſon could not reſiſt his importunities, and engaged to go along with him, provided he would promiſe to keep himſelf compoſed. "You ſee my ſorrow, (ſaid ſhe) and how much I am grieved for the loſs of a brother, who was good, charitable, and humane, and from whoſe bounty I received the greater part of the means of my livelihood. Though I am now left poor and helpleſs, yet I truſt in Providence, and you ſhall ſee me cry no more. Let me intreat you, my dear child, to do the ſame." Poor Adolphus promiſed he would do as ſhe would wiſh him; when Mrs. Clarkſon took him by the hand, and led him to the melancholy ſcene.

As ſoon as they were come to the houſe, Adolphus ſlipped from his aunt, and ruſhing into the room where his father lay in his coffin, ſurrounded by his weeping neighbours, he threw himſelf

on

on the breathleſs body of his dear papa. After lying ſome little time in that ſtate, without being able to ſpeak, he at laſt raiſed his little head, and cried out, "See how your poor Adolphus cries for having loſt you! When mamma died, you comforted me, though you wept yourſelf; but now to whom am I to look for comfort? O my dear papa, my good papa!"

By this time his aunt got into the room, and, with the aſſiſtance of the neighbours, forced him from the coffin, and carried him to a friend's houſe, in order to keep him there till his father ſhould be buried; for his aunt dreaded the thoughts of letting him attend the funeral.

The ſolemn ſcene was now preparing, and the bell began to toll, which Adolphus heard, and every ſtroke of it pierced his little innocent heart. The woman, to whoſe care he had been left, having ſtepped into another room, he took that opportunity to regain his liberty, got out of doors, and ran towards the church-yard. On his arrival there, he found the funeral ſervice finiſhed, and the grave filling up, when, on a ſudden, a cry was heard. "Let me be buried with my dear papa." He then jumped into the grave.

Such a ſcene muſt naturally affect every one who ſaw it. They pulled him out of the grave, and carried him home, pale and ſpeechleſs. For ſeveral days he refuſed almoſt every kind of ſuſtenance, being at intervals ſubject to fainting fits. After ſome time, however, the conſolations and advice of his good aunt appeared to have ſome weight with him, and the tempeſt in his little heart began to abate.

This affectionate conduct of Adolphus was the converſation for miles round their habitation, and at laſt reached the ears of a wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a little acquainted with the deceaſed Mr. Clarkſon. He accordingly went to ſee the good Adolphus, and, feeling for his diſtreſſes, took him home with him, and treated him as his ſon.

Adolphus ſoon gained the higheſt opinion of the merchant, and, as he grew up, grew more and more in his favour. At the age of twenty, he conducted himſelf with ſo much ability and integrity, that the merchant took him into partnerſhip, and married him to his only daughter.

Adolphus had always too great a ſoul to be ungenerous; for even during his younger days, he denied himſelf every kind of extravagance, in order

order to ſupport his aunt; and when he came into poſſeſſion of a wife and fortune, he placed her in a comfortable ſtation for the remainder of her life. As for himſelf, he every year, on his father's birth-day, paſſed it in a retired room alone, ſometimes indulging a tear, and ſometimes lifting up his heart to heaven, from whence he had received ſo much.

My little readers, if you have the happineſs ſtill to have parents living, be thankful to God, and be ſenſible of the bleſſing you enjoy. Be cautious how you do any thing to offend them; and, ſhould you offend them undeſignedly, reſt neither night nor day till you have obtained their forgiveneſs. Reflect on, and enjoy the happineſs that you are not, like poor little Adolphus, bereft of your fathers and mothers, and left in the hands, though of a good, yet poor aunt.

ANABELLA'S JOURNEY TO MARKET.

NOTHING can be more natural and pleaſing than to ſee young children fond of their parents. The birds of the air, and even the wild inhabitants of the foreſt, love and are beloved by their young progeny.

Little Anabella was ſix years old, very fond of her mamma, and delighted in following her every where. Her mother being one day obliged to go to market, wiſhed to leave her little daughter at home,

home, thinking it would be too fatiguing for Anabella, and troubleſome to herſelf; but the child's entreaties to go were ſo earneſt and preſſing, that her mother could not withſtand them, and at laſt conſented to her requeſt.

The cloak and bonnet was ſoon on, and the little maid ſet off with her mamma in high ſpirits. Such was the badneſs of the paths in ſome places, that it was impoſſible for them to walk hand in hand, ſo that Anabella was ſometimes obliged to trudge on by herſelf behind her mamma; but theſe were ſuch kind of hardſhips as her little ſpirit was above complaining of.

The town now appeared in ſight, and the nearer they approached it, the more the paths were thronged with people. Anabella was often ſeparated from her mamma; but this did not at preſent much diſturb her, as by ſkipping over a rut, or ſlipping between people as they paſſed, ſhe ſoon got up again to her mother. However, the nearer they approached the market, the crowd of courſe encreaſed, which kept her eyes in full employment to ſpy which way her mother went; but a little chaiſe drawn by ſix dogs having attracted her attention, ſhe ſtopped to look at them, and by that

that means loſt ſight of her mother, which ſoon became the cauſe of much uneaſineſs to her.

Here, my little readers, let me pauſe for a moment to give you this neceſſary advice. When you walk abroad with your parents or ſervants never look much about you, unleſs you have hold of their hand, or ſome part of their apparel. And I hope it will not be deemed impertinent to give ſimilar advice to parents and ſervants, to take care that children do not wander from them, ſince, from ſuch neglect, many fatal accidents have happened. But to proceed.—

Little Anabella had not gazed on this object of novelty for more than a minute, before ſhe recollected her mamma, and turned about to look for her; but no mamma was there, and now the afflictions of her heart began. She called aloud, "Mamma; mamma;" but no mamma anſwered. She then crawled up a bank, which afforded her a view all around; but no mamma was to be ſeen. She now burſt into a flood of tears, and ſat herſelf down at the foot of the bank, by which people were paſſing and repaſſing in great numbers.

Almoſt every body that paſſed ſaid ſomething or other to her, but none offered to help her to find her mother. "What is the matter with

you,

you, my little dear, (ſaid one) that you cry ſo ſadly?" "I have loſt my mamma!" ſaid Anabella, as well as the grief of her heart would permit her to ſpeak. Another told her never to mind it, ſhe would find her again by and by. Some ſaid, "Do not cry ſo, child, there is nobody that will run away with you." Some pitied her, and others laughed at her; but not one offered to give her any aſſiſtance.

Such, my little pupils, is the conduct of moſt people. When any misfortune brings you into trouble, you will find enough ready to pity you, but few who will give you any material aſſiſtance. They will tell you, what you then know yourſelves, that you ſhould not have done ſo and ſo; they will be ſorry for you, and then take their leave of you.

Little Anabella, however, was ſoon relieved from her preſent terrible anxieties. A poor old woman with eggs and butter in a baſket, happened to be that day going to the ſame market, whither Anabella's mother was gone before her.

Seeing Anabella in ſo much diſtreſs, ſtill crying as if her little heart would break, ſhe went up to her, and aſked her what was the cauſe of thoſe tears that fell from her little cheeks. She

told

told her ſhe had loſt her mamma. "And to what place, my dear, (cried the old woman) was your mamma going when you loſt her?" "She was going to the market," replied Anabella. "Well, my ſweet girl, (continued the old woman) I am going to the market too, and if you will go along with me, I make no doubt but we ſhall find your mother there. However, I will take care of you till you do find her." She then took Anabella by the hand, and led her along the road.

The good old woman put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out a piece of nice plum-cake, which ſhe gave to Anabella, who thankfully accepted of it; but her little heart was too full to permit her to think of eating at that time. She therefore put it into her pocket, ſaying, that ſhe would eat it by and by, when ſhe had found her mamma, which ſhe hoped would be ſoon.

As they walked along, the good old woman endeavoured to amuſe Anabella by telling her pretty ſtories, and enquiring of her what books ſhe read. "I very well know, (ſaid the old woman) that you young children are too apt to be fond of hiſtories of haunted houſes, of witches, ghoſts, and apparitions, which tend only to fill you with idle fears and apprehenſions, and make you

you afraid even of your own ſhadows." But when Anabella told her that her books were all bought at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, ſhe ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied.

They had hardly entered the market, when the little rambling eyes of Anabella caught ſight of her mamma. She ſhrieked with joy, and, like an arrow out of a bow, darted from the old woman, and flew to her parent, who claſped her pretty dear in her arms, and, after tenderly embracing her, "How came you, (ſaid ſhe) my ſweet angel, to wander from me? I have been ſo frightened, as to be hardly able to contain myſelf."

Anabella threw her arms round the neck of her mamma, and fixing her lips to her cheeks, kept kiſſing her, till a torrent of tears gave eaſe to her heart. As ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, "My dear mamma, (ſaid ſhe) I ſtopped to look at a pretty little chaiſe drawn by ſix dogs, and in the mean time I loſt you. I looked for you, and called for you, but I could neither ſee nor hear you. I ſat down crying by the ſide of a bank; ſome as they paſſed pitied me, and others joked me; but none attempted to take care of me, till this good old woman led me by the hand, and brought me here."

Anabella's mother was very thankful to the good old woman for her tenderneſs and humanity to her daughter, and not only bought of her what eggs and butter ſhe had left, but even made her a ſmall preſent beſides, which ſhe a long time declined accepting of, ſaying, ſhe had done no more than what every good Chriſtian ought to do.

Anabella kiſſed the good old woman over and over again, and all her way home talked of nothing but her kindneſs. Nor did ſhe afterwards forget it, as ſhe would frequently go and pay her a viſit, when ſhe always took with her ſome tea and ſugar, and a loaf of bread. Anabella's mother conſtantly bought all the eggs and butter the good old woman had to ſpare, and paid her a better price for them than ſhe could have got at market, ſaving her, at the ſame time, the trouble of going thither.

Thus you ſee, my young friends, what are the conſequences of good nature and humanity. You muſt accuſtom yourſelves early not only to feel for the misfortunes of others, but to do every thing that lies in your power to aſſiſt them. Whatever may be your condition in life at preſent, and however improbable it may be that you may ever want, yet there are ſtrange viciſſitudes

in

in this world, in which nothing can be ſaid to be really certain and permanent. Should any of my readers, like Anabella, loſe themſelves, would they not be happy to meet with ſo good an old woman as ſhe did? Though your ſtations in life may place you above receiving any pecuniary reward for a generous action, yet the pleaſing ſenſations of a good heart, on relieving a diſtreſſed fellow-creature, are inexpreſſible.

THE ABSURDITY OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WISHES EXPOSED.

THE preſent moment of enjoyment is all young people think of. So long as Maſter Tommy partook of the pleaſure of ſliding on the ice, and making ſnow up in various ſhapes, he wiſhed it always to be winter, totally regardleſs of either ſpring, ſummer, or autumn. His father hearing him one day make that wiſh, deſired him to write it down in the firſt leaf of his pocket-book,

book, which Tommy accordingly did, though his hand ſhivered with cold.

The winter glided away imperceptibly, and the ſpring followed in due time. Tommy now walked in the garden with his father, and with admiration beheld the riſing beauty of the various ſpring flowers. Their perfume afforded him the higheſt delight, and their brilliant appearance attracted all his attention. "Oh, (ſaid Maſter Tommy) that it were always ſpring!" His father deſired him to write that wiſh alſo in his pocket-book.

The trees, which lately were only budding, were now grown into full leaf, the ſure ſign that ſpring was departing, and ſummer haſtening on apace. Tommy, one day, accompanied by his parents, and two or three of his ſelect acquaintance, went on a viſit to a neighbouring village. Their walk was delightful, affording them a proſpect ſometimes of corn yet green, waving ſmoothly like a ſea unruffled with the breeze, and ſometimes of meadows enamelled with a profuſion of various flowers. The innocent lambs ſkipped and danced about, and the colts and fillies pranced around their dams. But what was ſtill more pleaſing, this ſeaſon produced for Tommy and his companions a delicious feaſt of cherries, ſtraw-

berries, and a variety of other fruits. So pleaſant a day afforded them the ſummit of delight, and their little hearts danced in their boſoms with joy.

"Do you not think, Tommy, (ſaid his father to him) that ſummer has its delights as well as winter and ſpring?" Tommy replied, he wiſhed it might be ſummer all the year, when his father deſired him to enter that wiſh in his pocket-book alſo.

The autumn at length arrived, and all the family went into the country to view the harveſt. It happened to be one of thoſe days that are free from clouds, and yet a gentle weſterly wind kept the air cool and refreſhing. The gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits, and the fine plums, pears, and apples, which hung on the trees almoſt to the ground, furniſhed the little viſitors with no ſmall amuſement and delight. There were alſo plenty of grapes, apricots, and peaches, which eat the ſweeter, as they had the pleaſure of gathering them. "This ſeaſon of rich abundance Tommy, (ſaid his father to him) will ſoon paſs away, and ſtern and cold winter will ſucceed it." Tommy again wiſhed, that the preſent happy ſeaſon would always continue, and that

that winter would not be too haſty in its approaches, but leave him in poſſeſſion of autumn.

Tommy's father deſired him to write this in his book alſo, and ordering him to read what he had written, ſoon convinced him how contradictory his wiſhes had been. In the winter, he wiſhed it to be always winter; in the ſpring he wiſhed for a continuance of that ſeaſon; in the ſummer, he wiſhed it never to depart; and when autumn came, it afforded him too many delicious fruits to permit him to have a ſingle wiſh for the approach of winter.

"My dear Tommy, (ſaid his father to him) I am not diſpleaſed with you for enjoying the preſent moment, and thinking it the beſt that can happen to you; but you ſee how neceſſary it is that our wiſhes ſhould not always be complied with. God knows how to govern this world much better than any human being can pretend to. Had you laſt winter been indulged in your wiſh, we ſhould have had neither ſpring, ſummer, nor autumn; the earth would have been perpetually covered with ſnow. The beaſts of the field, and the fowls of the air, would either have been ſtarved or frozen to death; and even the pleaſures of ſliding, or making images of ſnow, would have ſoon

ſoon become tireſome to you. It is a happineſs that we have it not in our power to regulate the courſe of nature: the wiſe and unerring deſigns of Providence, in favour of mankind, would then moſt probably be perverted to their own inevitable ruin."

LOUISA'S TENDERNESS TO THE LITTLE BIRDS IN WINTER.

HOWEVER long the winter may appear, the ſpring will naturally ſucceed it. A gentle breeze began to warm the air, the ſnow gradually vaniſhed, the fields put on their enamelled livery, the flowers ſhot forth their buds, and the birds began to ſend forth their harmony from every bough.

Little

Little Louiſa and her father left the city, to partake of the pleaſures of the country. Scarcely had the blackbird and the thruſh began their early whiſtle, to welcome Louiſa, than the weather changed all on a ſudden; the north-wind roared horribly in the grove, and the ſnow fell in ſuch abundance, that every thing appeared in a ſilver white mantle.

Though the little maid went to bed ſhivering with cold, and much diſappointed in her expectations, yet ſhe thanked God for having given her ſo comfortable a ſhelter from the inclemency of the elements.

Such a quantity of ſnow had fallen during the night, that the roads were almoſt impaſſable in the morning, which was a matter of great affliction to poor Louiſa; but ſhe obſerved, that the birds were as dull as herſelf upon the occaſion. Every tree and hedge being ſo covered with ſnow, the poor birds could get nothing to eat, not ſo much as a grain of corn or worm was to be found.

The feathered inhabitants now forſook the woods and groves, and fled into the neighbourhood of inhabited towns and villages, to ſeek that relief from man, which nature alone would not

then

then afford them. Incredibly numerous were the flight of ſparrows, robins, and other birds, that were ſeen in the ſtreets and court-yards, where their little beaks and claws were employed in turning over whatever they thought could afford them a ſingle grain.

A large company of theſe feathered refugees alighted in the yard belonging to the houſe, in which little Louiſa and her father then were. The diſtreſs of the poor birds ſeemed to afflict the tender-hearted maid very much, which her father perceived as ſoon as ſhe entered his chamber. "What is it makes you look ſo penſive now, (ſaid her father) ſince it is but a few minutes ago when you was ſo remarkably chearful?"—"O my dear papa, (ſaid Louiſa) all thoſe ſweet dear birds, that ſung ſo charmingly but a day or two ago, are now come into the yard ſtarving with hunger. Do, pray, let me give them a little corn.

Her papa very readily granted her ſo reaſonable a requeſt, and away ſhe ran, accompanied by her governeſs, to the barn on the other ſide of the yard, which had that morning been cleanly ſwept. Here ſhe got a handful or two of corn, which ſhe imme-

immediately ſcattered in different parts of the yard. The poor little birds fluttered around her, and ſoon picked up what the bounty of her generous hand had beſtowed on them.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the pleaſure and ſatisfaction, expreſſed in the countenance of Louiſa, on ſeeing herſelf the cauſe of giving ſo much joy to thoſe little animals. As ſoon as the birds had picked up all the grains, they flew to the houſe-top, and ſeemed to look down on Louiſa as if they would ſay, "Cannot you give us a little more?" She underſtood their meaning, and away ſhe flew again to the barn, and down they all came to partake of her new bounty, while Louiſa called to her papa and mamma to come and enjoy with her the pleaſing ſight.

In the mean time, a little boy came into the yard, whoſe heart was not of ſo tender a nature as Louiſa's. He held in his hand a cage full of birds, but carried it ſo careleſsly, that it was evident he cared very little for his poor priſoners. Louiſa, who could not bear to ſee the pretty little creatures uſed ſo roughly, aſked the boy what he was going to do with thoſe birds. The boy replied, that he would ſell them if he could, but

if he could not, his cat ſhould have a dainty meal of them, and they would not be the firſt ſhe had munched alive.

"O fie, (ſaid Louiſa) give them to your cat! What, ſuffer ſuch innocent things as thoſe to be killed by the mercileſs talons of a cat!"—"Even ſo," ſaid the boy, and giving the cage a careleſs ſwing, that tumbled the poor birds one over another, off he was ſetting, when Louiſa called him back, and aſked him what he would have for his birds. "I will ſell them, (ſaid he) three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them." Louiſa ſtruck the bargain, and ran to beg the money of her papa, who not only chearfully gave her the money, but allowed her an empty room for the reception of her little captives.

The boy, having thus found ſo good a market for his birds, told all his companions of it; ſo that, in a few hours, Louiſa's yard was ſo filled with little bird merchants, that you would have ſuppoſed it to be a bird market. However, the pretty maiden purchaſed all they brought, and had them turned into the ſame room with thoſe of her former purchaſe.

When night came, Louiſa went to bed with more pleaſure than ſhe had felt for a long time. "What a pleaſing reflection it is, (ſaid ſhe to herſelf) to be thus capable of preſerving the lives of ſo many innocent birds, and ſave them from famine and mercileſs cats! When ſummer comes, and I go into the woods and groves, theſe pretty birds will fly round me, and ſing their ſweeteſt notes, in gratitude for my kind attention to them." Theſe thoughts at laſt lulled her to ſleep, but they accompanied her even in her dreams; for ſhe fancied herſelf in one of the moſt delightful groves ſhe had ever ſeen, where all the little birds were buſied, either in feeding their young, or in ſinging, and in hopping from bough to bough.

The firſt thing Louiſa did after ſhe had got up in the morning, was to go and feed her little family in the room, and alſo thoſe that came into the yard. Though the ſeed to feed them coſt her nothing, yet ſhe recollected that the many purchaſes ſhe had lately made of birds muſt have almoſt exhauſted her purſe; "and if the froſt ſhould continue, (ſaid ſhe to herſelf) what will become of thoſe poor birds that I ſhall not be able to purchaſe! Thoſe naughty boys will either give them

them to their cats, or ſuffer them to die with hunger."

While ſhe was giving way to theſe ſorrowful reflections, her hand was moving gently into her pocket, in order to bring out her exhauſted purſe; but judge what muſt be her ſurpriſe and aſtoniſhment when, inſtead of pulling out an empty purſe, ſhe found it brim-full of money. She ran immediately to her papa, to tell him of this ſtrange circumſtance, when he ſnatched her up in his arms, tenderly embraced her, and ſhed tears of joy on her blooming cheeks.

"My dear child, (ſaid her papa to her) you cannot conceive how happy you now make me! Let theſe little birds continue to be the object of your relief, and, be aſſured, your purſe ſhall never be reduced to emptineſs." This pleaſing news gladdened the little heart of Louiſa, and ſhe ran immediately to fill her apron with ſeed, and then haſtened to feed her feathered gueſts. The birds came fluttering round her, and ſeemed conſcious of her bounty and generoſity.

After feeding theſe happy priſoners, ſhe went down into the yard, and there diſtributed a plentiful meal to the ſtarving wanderers without. What

an important truſt had ſhe now taken on herſelf?—nothing leſs than the ſupport of an hundred dependants within doors, and a ſtill greater number without! No wonder that her dolls and other play-things ſhould be now totally forgotten.

As Louiſa was putting her hand into the ſeed-bag, to take out of it the afternoon food for her birds, ſhe found a paper, on which was written theſe words: "The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou giveſt them their food; thou openeſt thy hand, and filleſt all things living with plenteouſneſs."

As ſhe ſaw her papa behind her, ſhe turned round and ſaid, "I am therefore now imitating God."—"Yes, my ſweet Louiſa, (ſaid her father) in every good action we imitate our Maker. When you ſhall be grown to maturity, you will then aſſiſt the neceſſitous part of the human race, as you now do the birds; and the more good you do, the nearer you will approach the perfections of God."

Louiſa continued her attention to feed her hungry birds for more than a week, when the ſnow began to melt, and the fields by degrees recovered their former verdure. The birds, who had

had lately been afraid to quit the warm ſhelter of the houſes, now returned to the woods and groves. The birds in our little Louiſa's aviary were confined, and therefore could not get away; but they ſhewed their inclination to depart, by flying againſt the windows, and pecking the glaſs with their bills. Theſe birds, perhaps, were induſtrious, and wiſhed not to be troubleſome to Louiſa, ſince they could now procure their own living.

Louiſa, not being able to comprehend what could make them ſo uneaſy, aſked her papa if he could tell the cauſe of it. "I know not, my dear, (ſaid her papa) but it is poſſible theſe little birds may have left ſome companions in the fields, which they now wiſh to ſee."—"You are very right, papa, (replied Louiſa) and they ſhall have their liberty immediately." She accordingly opened the window, and all the birds ſoon flew out of it.

Theſe little feathered animals had no ſooner obtained their liberty, than ſome were ſeen hopping on the ground, others darting into the air, or ſporting in the trees from twig to twig, and ſome flying about the windows chirping, as though out of gratitude to their benefactor.

Louiſa hardly ever went into the fields, but ſhe fancied that ſome of her little family ſeemed to welcome her approach, either by hopping before her, or entertaining her with their melodious notes, which afforded her a ſource of inexhauſtible pleaſure.

THE STORY OF BERTRAND, A POOR LABOURER, AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY.

THINK yourſelves happy, my little readers, ſince none of you perhaps know what it is to endure hunger day after day, without being able to enjoy one plentiful meal. Confident I am, that the following relation will not fail to make an impreſſion on your tender hearts.

Bertrand was a poor labourer, who had ſix young children, whom he maintained with the utmoſt difficulty. To add to his diſtreſſes, an unfavourable ſeaſon much encreaſed the price of bread.

bread. This honeſt labourer worked day and night to procure ſubſiſtence for his family, and though their food was compoſed of the coarſeſt kind, yet even of that he could not procure a ſufficiency.

Finding himſelf reduced to extremity, he one day called his little family together, and with tears in his eyes, and a heart overflowing with grief, "My ſweet children, (ſaid he to them) bread is now ſo extravagantly dear, that I find all my efforts to ſupport you ineffectual. My whole day's labour is barely ſufficient to purchaſe this piece of bread which you ſee in my hand; it muſt therefore be divided among you, and you muſt be contented with the little my labour can procure you. Though it will not afford each of you a plentiful meal, yet it will be ſufficient to keep you from periſhing with hunger." Sorrow and tears interrupted his words, and he could ſay no more, but lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven.

His children wept in ſilence, and, young as they were, their little hearts ſeemed to feel more for their father than for themſelves. Bertrand then divided the ſmall portion of bread into ſeven equal ſhares, one of which he kept for himſelf, and gave to the reſt each their lot. But one of them, named Harry, refuſed his ſhare, telling his father he

he could not eat, pretending to be ſick. "What is the matter with you, my dear child?" ſaid his father, taking him up in his arms. "I am very ſick, (replied Harry) very ſick indeed, and ſhould be glad to go to ſleep." Bertrand then carried him to bed, and gave him a tender kiſs, wiſhing him a good night.

The next morning, the honeſt labourer, overwhelmed with ſorrow, went to a neighbouring phyſician, and begged of him, as a charity, to come and ſee his poor boy. Though the phyſician was ſure of never being paid for his viſit, yet ſuch were his humanity and feelings, that he inſtantly went to the labourer's houſe.

On his arrival there, he found no particular ſymptoms of illneſs, though the boy was evidently in a very low and languiſhing ſtate. The doctor told him he would ſend him a cordial draught; but Harry begged he would forbear ſending him any thing, as he could do him no good. The doctor was a little angry at this behaviour, and inſiſted on knowing what his diſorder was, threatening him, if he did not tell him immediately, he would go and acquaint his father with his obſtinacy.

Poor Harry begged the doctor would ſay nothing about it to his father, which ſtill more encreaſed

creaſed the doctor's wiſh to get at the bottom of this myſtery. At laſt, poor Harry finding the doctor reſolute, deſired his brothers and ſiſters might leave the room, and he would acquaint him with every particular.

As ſoon as the phyſician had ſent the children out of the room, "Alas, Sir, (ſaid little Harry) in this ſeaſon of ſcarcity, my poor dear father cannot earn bread enough to feed us. What little quantity he can get, he divides equally among us, reſerving to himſelf the ſmalleſt part. To ſee my dear brothers and ſiſters ſuffer hunger is more than I can bear; and, as I am the eldeſt, and ſtronger than they, I have therefore not eaten any myſelf, but have divided my ſhare among them. It is on this account that I pretended to be ſick, and unable to eat. I beſeech you, however, to keep this a ſecret from my father."

The phyſician, wiping away a tear which ſtarted involuntarily from his eye, aſked poor Harry if he were not then hungry. He acknowledged indeed that he was hungry; but ſaid that did not give him ſo much affliction as to ſee the diſtreſſes of his family. "But my good lad, (ſaid the doctor) if you do not take ſome nouriſhment you will die." —I am indifferent about that, (replied Harry) ſince

ſince my father will have then one mouth leſs to feed, and I ſhall go to heaven, where I will pray to God to aſſiſt my dear father and my little ſiſters and brothers."

What heart but muſt melt with pity and admiration at the relation of ſuch facts! The generous phyſician, taking up Harry in his arms, and claſping him to his boſom, "No, my dear little boy, (ſaid he) thou ſhalt not die. God and I will take care of thy little family, and return thanks to God for having ſent me hither. I muſt leave you for the preſent, but I will ſoon return."

The good phyſician haſtened home, and ordered one of his ſervants to load himſelf with refreſhments of every kind. He then haſtened to the relief of poor Harry and his ſtarving brothers and ſiſters. He made them all ſit down at the table and eat till they were perfectly ſatisfied. What could be a more pleaſing ſcene, than that which the good phyſician then beheld, ſix pretty little innocent creatures ſmiling over the bounty of their generous and humane friend!

The doctor, on his departure, deſired Harry to be under no uneaſineſs, as he ſhould take care to procure them a ſupply of whatever might be wanting. He faithfully performed his promiſe, and they had

had daily cauſe of rejoicing at his bounty and benevolence. The doctor's generoſity was imitated by every good perſon, to whom he related the affecting ſcene. From ſome they received proviſions, from ſome money, and from others clothes and linen. So that, in a ſhort time, this little family, which was but lately in want of every thing, became poſſeſſed of plenty.

Bertrand's landlord, who was a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, was ſo ſtruck with the tender generoſity of little Harry, that he ſent for his father, and paying him many compliments on his happineſs of having ſuch a ſon, he offered to take Harry under his own inſpection, and bring him up in his own houſe. This matter being agreed on, Bertrand's landlord ſettled an annuity on him, promiſing, at the ſame time, to provide for his other children as they grew up. Bertrand, tranſported with joy, returned to his houſe, and falling on his knees, offered up his moſt grateful thanks to that good God, who had graciouſly condeſcended to beſtow on him ſuch a ſon!

Hence you may learn, my young readers, how much you have it in your power to prove a bleſſing to your parents and a comfort to yourſelves. It is not neceſſary, that, in order to do ſo, you

ſhould be reduced to the ſame neceſſity that poor Harry was: for however exalted your ſtation may be, you will always find opportunities enough to give proofs of your duty to your parents, your affection for your brothers and ſiſters, and your humanity and benevolence to the poor and needy. Happy indeed are thoſe poor children, who have found a friend and protector when they were needful and helpleſs; but much happier thoſe, who, without ever feeling the griping hand of penury and want themſelves, have received the inexpreſſible delight that never fails to ariſe from the pleaſing reflection of having raiſed honeſt poverty to happineſs and plenty!

NANCY AND HER CANARY BIRD, POOR CHERRY.

AS Nancy was one day looking out of her window, a man happened to come by, crying, "Canary-birds; come buy my canary-birds." The man had a large cage upon his head, in which the birds hopped about from perch to perch, and made Nancy quite in love with them. "Will you buy a pretty bird or two, Miſs?"

Miſs?" ſaid the man. "I have no objection, (replied the little maid) provided my papa will give me leave. If you will ſtop a little while, I will ſoon let you know." So away ran Nancy down ſtairs to her papa, while the birdman put down his cage at the door.

Nancy ran into her papa's chamber quite out of breath, crying, "O dear papa; only come here! here is a man in the ſtreet that has a large cage on his head with, I dare ſay, an hundred canary-birds in it."—"Well, and what of all that? (replied her papa) Why does that ſeem to rejoice you ſo much?" Nancy anſwering, that ſhe ſhould be happy to buy one of them, her papa reminded her, that the bird muſt be fed, and ſhould it be neglected, even only for a day, it would certainly die.

Nancy promiſed, that ſhe would never eat her own breakfaſt till ſhe had given her bird his; but her papa reminded her that ſhe was a giddy girl, and that he feared ſhe had promiſed too much. However, there was no getting over her coaxings and wheedling, ſo that her papa was at laſt obliged to conſent that ſhe ſhould buy one.

He then took Nancy by the hand, and led her to the door, where the man was waiting with his

birds. He choſe the prettieſt canary-bird in it; it was a male, of a fine lively yellow colour, with a little black tuft upon his head. Nancy was now quite chearful and happy, and pulling out her purſe, gave it to her father to pay for the bird. But what was to be done with the bird without a cage, and Nancy had not money enough? However, upon her promiſing that ſhe would take great care to feed her bird, her papa bought her a fine new cage, of which he made her a preſent.

As ſoon as Nancy had given her canary-bird poſſeſſion of his new palace, ſhe ran about the houſe, calling her mamma, her brothers and ſiſters, and all the ſervants, to come and ſee her pretty canary-bird, to which ſhe gave the name of Cherry. When any of her little friends came to ſee her, the firſt thing ſhe told them was, that ſhe had one of the prettieſt canary-birds in the world. "He is as yellow as gold, (ſaid ſhe) and he has a little black creſt like the plumes of my mamma's hat. Come, you muſt go and ſee him! His name is Cherry."

Cherry was as happy as any bird need wiſh to be, under the care of Nancy. Her firſt buſineſs every morning was to feed Cherry; and whenever

ever there was any cake at table, Cherry was ſure to come in for a ſhare of it. There was always ſome bits of ſugar in ſtore for him, and his cage was conſtantly decorated with the moſt lively herbage.

Her pretty bird was not ungrateful, but did all in his power to make Nancy ſenſible how much he was obliged to her. He ſoon learned to diſtinguiſh her, and the moment he heard her ſtep into the room, he would flutter his wings, and keep up an inceſſant chirping. It is no wonder, therefore, if Cherry and Nancy became very fond of each other.

At the expiration of a week he began to open his little throat, and ſung the moſt delightful ſongs. He would ſometimes raiſe his note to ſo great a height, that you would almoſt think he muſt kill himſelf with ſuch vaſt exertions. Then, after ſtopping a little, he would begin again, with a tone ſo ſweet and powerful, that he was heard in every part of the houſe.

Nancy would often ſit for whole hours by his cage, liſtening to his melody. Sometimes, ſo attentively would ſhe gaze at him, that ſhe would inſenſibly let her work fall out of her hands; and after he had entertained her with his melodious

notes, ſhe would regale him with a tune on her bird organ, which he would endeavour to imitate.

In length of time, however, theſe pleaſures began to grow familiar to his friend Nancy. Her papa, one day, preſented her with a book of prints, with which ſhe was ſo much delighted, that Cherry began to loſe at leaſt one half of her attention. As uſual, he would chirp the moment he ſaw her, let her be at what diſtance ſhe would; but Nancy began to take no notice of him, and almoſt a week had paſſed, without his receiving either a bit of biſcuit, or a freſh ſupply of chick-weed. He repeated the ſweeteſt and moſt harmonious notes that Nancy had taught him, but to no purpoſe.

It now appeared too clearly, that new objects began to attract Nancy's attention. Her birth-day arrived, and her god-father gave her a large jointed doll, which ſhe named Columbine: and this ſaid Columbine proved a ſad rival to Cherry; for, from morning to night, the dreſſing and undreſſing of Miſs Columbine engroſſed the whole of her time. What with this, and her carrying her doll up and down ſtairs, and into every room in the houſe, it was happy for poor Cherry if he got

fed

fed by the evening, and ſometimes it happened that he went a whole day without feeding.

One day, however, when Nancy's papa was at table, accidently caſting his eyes upon the cage, he ſaw poor Cherry lying upon its breaſt, and panting as it were for life. The poor bird's feathers appeared all rough, and it ſeemed contracted into a mere lump. Nancy's papa went up cloſe to it; but it was unable even to chirp, and the poor little creature had hardly ſtrength enough to breathe. He called to him his little Nancy, and aſked her what was the matter with her bird. Nancy bluſhed, ſaying in a low voice, "Why, papa, I—ſomehow, I forgot;" and ran to fetch the ſeed box.

Her papa, in the mean time, took down the cage, and found that poor Cherry had not a ſingle ſeed left, nor a drop of water. "Alas, poor bird, (ſaid he) you have got into careleſs hands. Had I foreſeen this, I would never have bought you." All the company joined in pity for the poor bird, and Nancy ran away into her chamber to eaſe her heart in tears. However, her papa, with ſome difficulty, brought pretty Cherry to himſelf again.

Her

Her father, the next day, ordered Cherry to be made a preſent of to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, he ſaid, would take much better care of it than his little thoughtleſs daughter; but poor Nancy could not bear the idea of parting with her bird, and moſt faithfully promiſed never more to neglect him.

Her papa, at laſt, gave way to her entreaties; and permitted her to keep little Cherry, but not without a ſevere reprimand, and a ſtrict injunction to be more careful for the future. "This poor little creature, (ſaid her papa) is confined in a priſon, and is therefore totally unable to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing you know how to get it; but this little bird can neither help himſelf, nor make his wants known to others. If ever you let him want ſeed or water again, look to it."

Nancy burſt out into a flood of tears, took her papa by the hand, and kiſſed it; but her heart was ſo full that ſhe could not utter a ſyllable. Cherry and Nancy were now again good friends, and he for ſome time wanted for nothing.

About a month afterwards, her father and mother were obliged to go a little way into the country

country on ſome particular buſineſs; but, before they ſet out, he gave Nancy ſtrict charge to take care of poor Cherry. No ſooner were her parents gone, than ſhe ran to the cage, and gave Cherry plenty of ſeed and water.

Little Nancy, now finding herſelf alone and at liberty, ſent for ſome of her companions to come and ſpend the day with her. The former part of the day they paſſed in the garden, and the latter in playing at blindman's-buff and four corners. She went to bed very much fatigued; but, as ſoon as ſhe awoke in the morning, ſhe began to think of new pleaſures.

She went abroad that day, while poor Cherry was obliged to ſtay at home and faſt. The ſecond and third day paſſed in the ſame playful manner as before; but no poor Cherry was thought of. On the fourth day, her father and mother came home and, as ſoon as they had kiſſed her, her father enquired after poor Cherry, "He is very well," ſaid Nancy, a little confuſed, and then ran to fetch him ſome ſeed and water. Alas, poor little Cherry was no more: he was lying upon his back, with his wings ſpread, and his beak open. Nancy ſcreamed out, and wrung her hands, when

all

all the family ran to her, and were witneſſes of the melancholy ſcene.

" Alas, poor bird, (ſaid her papa) what a melancholy end haſt thou come to! If I had twiſted thy head off the day I went into the country, it would have cauſed you but a moment's pain; but now you have endured all the pangs of hunger and thirſt, and expired in extreme agony. However, poor Cherry, you are happy in being out of the hands of ſo mercileſs a guardian."

Nancy was ſo ſhocked and diſtreſſed on the occaſion, that ſhe would have given all her little treaſure, and even all her playthings, to have brought Cherry to life; but it was now too late. Her papa had the bird ſtuffed, and hung up to the cieling, in memory of Nancy's careleſſneſs. She dared not even to lift her eyes up to look at it, for whenever ſhe did, it was ſure to make her cry. At laſt, ſhe prevailed on her papa to have it removed, but not till after many earneſt entreaties and repeated acknowledgments of the fault ſhe had been guilty of. Whenever Nancy was guilty of inattention or giddineſs, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every one would ſay in her hearing, " Alas, poor Cherry, what a cruel death you ſuffered!"

Thus

Thus you ſee, my little friends, what are the ſad conſequences of inattention, giddineſs, and too great a fondneſs for pleaſure, which always make us forgetful of what we ought carefully to attend to.

THE BIRDS, THE THORN-BUSHES, AND THE SHEEP.

MR. Stanhope and his ſon Gregory were one evening, in the month of May, ſitting at the foot of a delightful hill, and ſurveying the beautiful works of nature that ſurrounded them. The reclining ſun, now ſinking into the weſt, ſeemed to clothe every thing with a purple robe. The chearful ſong of a ſhepherd called off their attention from their meditations on thoſe delight-

ful proſpects. This ſhepherd was driving home his flock from the adjacent fields.

Thorn-buſhes grew on each ſide of the road, and every ſheep that approached the thorns was ſure to be robbed of ſome part of its wool, which a good deal diſpleaſed little Gregory. "Only ſee, papa, (ſaid he) how the ſheep are deprived of their wool by thoſe buſhes! You have often told me, that God makes nothing in vain; but theſe briars ſeem made only for miſchief: people ſhould therefore join to deſtroy them root and branch. Were the poor ſheep to come often this way, they would be robbed of all their clothing. But that ſhall not be the caſe, for I will riſe with the ſun to morrow morning, and, with my little bill-hook and ſnip-ſnap, I will level all theſe briars with the ground. You may come with me, papa, if you pleaſe, and bring with you an axe. Before breakfaſt, we ſhall be able to deſtroy them all."

Mr. Stanhope replied, "We muſt not go about this buſineſs in too great a hurry, but take a little time to conſider of it; perhaps, there may not be ſo much cauſe for being angry with theſe buſhes as you at preſent ſeem to imagine. Have you not ſeen the ſhepherds about Lammas, with

great ſhears in their hands, take from the trembling ſheep all their wool, not being contented with a few locks only?"

Gregory allowed that was true; but they did it in order to make clothes; whereas the hedges robbed the ſheep without having the leaſt occaſion for their wool, and evidently for no uſeful purpoſe. "If it be uſual (ſaid he) for ſheep to loſe their clothing at a certain time of the year, then it is much better to take it for our own advantage, than to ſuffer the hedges to pull it off for no end whatever."

Mr. Stanhope allowed the arguments of little Gregory to be juſt; for nature has given to every beaſt a clothing, and we are obliged from them to borrow our own, otherwiſe we ſhould be forced to go naked, and expoſed to the inclemency of the elements.

"Very well, papa, (ſaid Gregory) though we want clothing, yet theſe buſhes want none: they rob us of what we have need, and therefore down they ſhall all come with to-morrow morning's riſing ſun. And I dare ſay, papa, you will come along with me and aſſiſt me."

Mr. Stanhope could not but conſent, and little Gregory thought himſelf nothing leſs than an Alexander,

Alexander, merely from the expectation of deſtroying at once this formidable band of robbers. He could hardly ſleep, being ſo much taken up with the idea of his victories, to which the next morning's ſun was to be witneſs.

The chearful lark had hardly begun to proclaim the approach of morning, when Gregory got up and ran to awake his papa. Mr. Stanhope, though he was very indifferent concerning the fate of the thorn-buſhes, yet he was not diſpleaſed with having the opportunity of ſhewing to his little Gregory the beauties of the riſing ſun. They both dreſſed themſelves immediately, took the neceſſary inſtruments, and ſet out on this important expedition. Young Gregory marched forwards with ſuch haſty ſteps, that Mr. Stanhope was obliged to exert himſelf to avoid being left behind.

When they came near to the buſhes, they obſerved a multitude of little birds flying in and out of them, and fluttering their wings, from branch to branch. On ſeeing this, Mr. Stanhope ſtopped his ſon, and deſired him to ſuſpend his vengeance a little time, that they might not diſturb thoſe innocent birds. With this view, they retired to the foot of the hill where they had ſat the

preceding evening, and from thence examined more particularly what had occaſioned this apparent buſtle among the birds. From hence they plainly ſaw, that they were employed in carrying away thoſe bits of wool in their beaks, which the buſhes had torn from the ſheep the evening before. There came a multitude of different ſorts of birds, who loaded themſelves with the plunder.

Gregory was quite aſtoniſhed at this ſight, and aſked his papa what could be the meaning of it. "You by this plainly ſee, (replied Mr. Stanhope) that Providence provides for creatures of every claſs, and furniſhes them with all things neceſſary for their convenience and preſervation. Here, you ſee, the poor birds find what is neceſſary for their habitations, wherein they are to nurſe and rear their young, and with this they make a comfortable bed for themſelves and their little progeny. The innocent thorn-buſh, againſt which you yeſterday ſo loudly exclaimed, is of infinite ſervice to the inhabitants of the air; it takes from thoſe that are rich only what they can very well ſpare, in order to ſatisfy the wants of the poor. Have you now any wiſh to cut thoſe buſhes down, which you will perhaps no longer conſider as robbers?"

Gregory

Gregory ſhook his head, and ſaid, he would not cut the buſhes down for the world. Mr. Stanhope applauded his ſon for ſo ſaying; and, after enjoying the ſweets of the morning, they retired home to breakfaſt, leaving the buſhes to flouriſh in peace, ſince they made ſo generous a uſe of their conqueſts.

My young friends will hence be convinced of the impropriety of cheriſhing too haſtily prejudices againſt any perſons or things, ſince, however forbidding or uſeleſs they may at firſt ſight appear, a more familiar acquaintance with them may diſcover thoſe accompliſhments or perfections, which prejudice at firſt obſcured from their obſervation.

POOR CRAZY SAMUEL, AND THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

IN the city of Briſtol lived a crazy perſon, whoſe name was Samuel. Whenever he went out he always put four or five wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though he had unfortunately loſt his ſenſes, yet he was not miſchievous, unleſs wicked boys played tricks with him, and put him in a paſſion.

When-

Whenever he appeared in the ſtreets, all the idle boys would ſurround him, crying, "Samuel! Samuel! how do you ſell your wigs and your muffs!" Some boys were of ſuch miſchievous diſpoſitions as to throw dirt and ſtones at him. Though the unfortunate man generally bore all this treatment very quietly, yet he would ſometimes turn about in his own defence, and throw among the rabble that followed him any thing that came in his way.

A conteſt of this nature happened one day near the houſe of Mr. Denton, who, hearing a noiſe in the ſtreet, went to the window, and with much regret ſaw his ſon Joſeph concerned in the fray. Diſpleaſed at the ſight, he ſhut down the ſaſh, and went into another room.

When they were at dinner, Mr. Denton aſked his ſon who the man was, with whom he and other boys in the ſtreet ſeemed to be ſo pleaſingly engaged. Joſeph ſaid, it was the crazy man, whom they called Samuel. On his father aſking him what had occaſioned that misfortune, he replied, that it was ſaid to be in conſequence of the loſs of a law-ſuit, which deprived him of a large eſtate.

"Had

" Had this man been known to you, (ſaid Mr. Denton) at the time when he was cheated of his eſtate; and had he told you, that he had juſt loſt a large inheritance, which he had long peaceably enjoyed; that all his property was expended in ſupporting the cauſe, and that he had now neither country or town-houſe, in ſhort nothing upon earth left; would you then have laughed at this poor man?"

Joſeph with ſome confuſion replied, he certainly ſhould not be guilty of ſo wicked an action as to laugh at the misfortunes of any man; but ſhould rather endeavour to comfort him.

" This man, (ſaid Mr. Denton) is more to be pitied now than he was then, ſince to the loſs of his fortune is added that of his ſenſes alſo; and yet you have this day been throwing ſtones at this poor man, and otherwiſe inſulting him, who never gave you any cauſe." Joſeph ſeemed very ſorry for what he had done, aſked his papa's pardon, and promiſed not only never to do the like again, but to prevent others, as much as lay in his power, committing the ſame crime.

His father told him, that as to his forgiveneſs, he freely had it, but that there was another beſides him,

him, whoſe forgiveneſs was more neceſſary. Little Joſeph thought that his father meant poor Samuel; but Mr. Denton explained the matter to him. "Had Samuel retained his ſenſes, (ſaid he) it would be certainly juſt that you ſhould aſk his pardon; but as his diſordered mind will not permit him to receive any apologies, it would be idle to attempt to make any. It is not Samuel, but God whom you have offended. You have not ſhewn compaſſion to poor Samuel, but, by your unmerited inſults, have added to his misfortunes. Can you think that God will be pleaſed with ſuch conduct?"

Joſeph now plainly perceived whom he had offended, and therefore promiſed that night to aſk pardon of God in his prayers. He kept his word, and not only forbore troubling Samuel for ſeveral weeks afterwards, but endeavoured to diſſuade all his companions from doing the like.

The reſolutions of young people, however, are not always to be depended on. So it happened with little Joſeph, who, forgetting the promiſes he had made, one day happened to mix with the rabble of boys, who were following and hooting, and playing many naughty tricks with the unfortunate Samuel.

The

The more he mixed among them, the more he forgot himſelf, and at laſt became as bad as the worſt of them. Samuel's patience, however, being at length tired out by the rude behaviour of the wicked boys that purſued him, he ſuddenly turned about, and picking up a large ſtone, threw it at little Joſeph with ſuch violence, that it grazed his cheek and almoſt cut off part of his ear.

Poor Joſeph, on feeling the ſmart occaſioned by the blow, and finding the blood trickling down his cheek at a great rate, ran home roaring moſt terribly. Mr. Denton, however, ſhewed him no pity, telling him it was the juſt judgment of God for his wickedneſs.

Joſeph attempted to juſtify himſelf by ſaying, that he was not the only one who was guilty, and therefore ought not to be the only one that was puniſhed. His father replied, that, as he knew better than the other boys, his crime was the greater. It is indeed but juſtice, that a child who knows the commands of God and his parents, ſhould be doubly puniſhed, whenever he ſo far forgets his duty as to run headlong into wickedneſs.

Remember this, my young readers; and, inſtead of adding to the afflictions of others, do whatever

whatever you can to alleviate them, and God will then undoubtedly have compaſſion on you, whenever your wants and diſtreſſes ſhall require his aſſiſtance.

BELLA AND MARIAN.

THE ſun was juſt peeping above the eaſtern edge of the horizon, to enliven with his golden rays one of the moſt beautiful mornings of the ſpring, when Bella went down into the garden to taſte with more pleaſure, as ſhe rambled through thoſe enchanting walks, the delicacies of a rich cake, of which ſhe intended to make her firſt meal.

Her heart ſwelled with delight, on ſurveying the beauties of the riſing ſun, in liſtening to the enlivening notes of the lark, and on breathing the pleaſing fragrance, which the ſurrounding ſhrubs afforded.

Bella was ſo charmed with this complication of delights, that her ſweet eyes were bedewed with a moiſture, which reſted on her eye-lids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a gentle ſenſation, and her mind was poſſeſſed with emotions of benevolence and tenderneſs.

The ſound of ſteps in the walk, however, all on a ſudden, interrupted theſe happy feelings, and a little girl came tripping towards the ſame walk, eating a piece of a coarſe brown bread with the keeneſt appetite. As ſhe was alſo rambling about the garden for amuſement, her eyes wandered here and there unfixed; ſo that ſhe came up cloſe to Bella unexpectedly.

As ſoon as the little girl ſaw it was Miſs Bella, ſhe ſtopped ſhort, ſeemed confuſed, and turning about, ran away as faſt as ſhe could; but Bella called to her, and aſked her why ſhe ran away. This made the little girl run the faſter, and Bella endeavoured to purſue her; but, not being ſo much uſed to exerciſe, ſhe was ſoon

left behind. Luckily, as it happened, the little ſtranger had turned up a path leading into that in which Bella was. Here they ſuddenly met, and Bella caught her by the arm, ſaying, "Come, I have you faſt now; you are my priſoner, and cannot get away from me."

The poor girl was now more frightened than ever, and ſtruggled hard for her liberty; but after ſome time, the ſweet accents of Bella, and her aſſurance that ſhe meant only to be her friend, having rather allayed her fears, ſhe became a little more tractable, and quietly followed her into one of the ſummer-houſes.

Miſs Bella, having made the ſtranger ſit down by her, aſked her if ſhe had a father living, and what was his profeſſion. The girl told her, that, thank God, her father was living, and that he did any think for an honeſt livelihood. She ſaid he was then at work in the garden, and had brought her with him that morning.

Bella then obſerving, that the young ſtranger had got a piece of brown bread in her hand, deſired ſhe would let her taſte it: but ſhe ſaid it ſo ſcratched her throat on ſwallowing a bit of it, that ſhe could eat no more, and aſked the little girl, why her father did not get better bread for her.

"Becauſe,

"Becauſe, (replied the ſtranger) he does not get ſo much money as your papa; and beſides that there are four more of us, and we all eat heartily. Sometimes one wants a frock, another a jacket, and all he can get is barely ſufficient for us, without laying out hardly any thing upon himſelf, though he never miſſes a day's work while he has it to do."

Upon Bella's aſking her if ſhe ever eat any plum-cake, ſhe ſaid ſhe did not even know what it was; but ſhe had no ſooner put a bit into her mouth, which Miſs Bella gave her, than ſhe ſaid, ſhe had never in her life taſted any thing ſo nice. She then aſked her what was her name; when the girl, riſing and making her a low curtſey, ſaid it was Marian.

"Well then, my good Marian, (ſaid Bella) ſtop here a moment; I will go and aſk my governeſs for ſomething for you, and will come back directly; but be ſure you do not go away." Marian replied, that ſhe was now no ways afraid of her, and that ſhe ſhould certainly wait her coming back.

Bella ran directly to her governeſs, and begged ſhe would give her ſome currant-jelly for a little girl, who had nothing but dry bread for breakfaſt.

The governeſs, being highly pleaſed with the good-nature of her amiable pupil, gave her ſome in a cup, and a ſmall roll alſo. Bella inſtantly ran away with it, and coming to Marian, ſaid ſhe hoped ſhe had not made her wait; but begged her to put down her brown bread till another time, and eat what ſhe had brought her.

Marian, after taſting the jelly, and ſmacking her lips, ſaid it was very nice indeed; and aſked Bella if ſhe eat ſuch every day. Miſs replied, that ſhe eat thoſe things frequently, and if ſhe would come now and then, ſhe would always give her ſome.

They now became very familiar together, and Miſs Bella aſked Marian a number of queſtions, ſuch as whether ſhe never was ſick, ſeeing her now look ſo hearty, and in what manner ſhe employed her time.

Marian replied, ſhe did not know what it was to be ſick; and, as to her employments, in winter ſhe went to get ſtraw for the cow, and dry ſticks to make the pot boil; in ſummer ſhe went to weed the corn, and in harveſt-time, to glean and pull hops. In ſhort, they were never at a loſs for work; and ſhe ſaid her mother would make a ſad noiſe, if any of her little ones ſhould take it into their heads to be lazy.

Miſs

Miſs Bella obſerving, that her little viſitor went barefooted, which much ſurprized her, was induced to aſk her the reaſon of it; when Marian replied, that it would be too expenſive for their father to think of finding ſhoes and ſtockings for them all, and therefore none of them had any; but they found no inconveniency from it, ſince time had ſo hardened the bottom of their feet, as to make ſhoes unneceſſary.

The time having ſlipped away in this kind of chit-chat, Marian told Miſs Bella that ſhe muſt be going, in order to gather ſome greens for her cow, who would want her breakfaſt by eight o'clock. This little girl did not eat up all her roll and jelly, but ſaved ſome part of it to carry home to her youngeſt ſiſter, who, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was ſure would be very fond of it. Bella was vaſtly pleaſed to find Marian was ſo tender of her ſiſter, and deſired ſhe would not fail to come again at the ſame hour the next morning. So after a mutual good-bye, they ſeparated for the preſent.

Miſs Bella had now, for the firſt time, taſted the pleaſure of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, enjoying the pleaſing reflection how happy ſhe had made Marian, how

grateful that little girl had ſhewed herſelf, and how pleaſed her ſiſter would be to taſte currant-jelly, which ſhe had never even ſeen before.

Miſs Bella was enjoying the idea of the pleaſure ſhe ſhould receive from her future bounties to her new acquaintance, when ſhe recollected, that ſhe had ſome ribbands and a necklace, which her mamma had given her a little time before, but of which ſhe now began to grow tired. Beſides theſe, ſhe had ſome other old things to give her, which, though of no uſe to herſelf, would make Marian quite fine.

The next morning Marian came into the garden again, and Miſs Bella was ready to receive her, with a tolerable good portion of gingerbread. Indeed, this interview was continued every morning, and Miſs Bella always carried ſome dainties along with her. When her pocket failed her, ſhe would beg her mamma to ſupply her with ſomething out of the pantry, which was always chearfully complied with.

One day, however, it happened, that Bella received an anſwer which gave her ſome uneaſineſs. She had been begging her mamma to advance her ſomething on her weekly allowance, in order to buy ſhoes and ſtockings for Marian; to which

her mamma gave her a flat denial, telling her, that ſhe wiſhed ſhe would be a little more ſparing to her favourite, for which ſhe would give her a reaſon at dinner-time. Bella was a little ſurprized at this anſwer, and every hour appeared an age till dinner-time arrived.

At length they ſat down to table, and dinner was half over before her mamma ſaid a word about Marian; but a diſh of ſhrimps being then ſerved up, gave her mamma an opportunity of beginning the converſation. "I think, Bella, (ſaid the lady) this is your favourite diſh." Bella replied it was, and could not help obſerving, how happy ſhe ſuppoſed poor Marian would be to taſte them, who, ſhe imagined, had never ſo much as ſeen any. With her mamma's leave, ſhe begged two of the ſmalleſt, to give to that little girl.

Mrs. Adams, for ſuch was her mamma's name, ſeemed unwilling to grant her requeſt, urging, that ſhe was afraid ſhe would do her favourite more miſchief than good. "At preſent, (ſaid her mamma) ſhe eats her dry brown bread with an appetite, and walks barefooted on the gravel without complaining. Should you continue to feed her with dainties, and accuſtom her to wear ſhoes and ſtockings, what would ſhe do, ſhould ſhe by any means

means loſe your favour, and with it all thoſe indulgencies? She will then lament that ſhe had ever experienced your bounty.

Miſs Bella haſtily replied, that ſhe meant to be a friend to her all her life, and only wiſhed that her mamma, in order to enable her to do ſo, would add a little to her weekly allowance, and ſhe would manage it with all the frugality poſſible.

Mrs. Adams then aſked her daughter if ſhe did not know of any other children in diſtreſs; to which Bella replied, that ſhe knew ſeveral beſides, and particularly two in a neighbouring village, who had neither father nor mother, and who, without doubt, ſtood much in need of aſſiſtance. Her mamma then reminded her, that it was ſomewhat uncharitable to feed Marian with ſweetmeats and dainties, while other poor children were ſtarving with hunger. To this Bella replied, that ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould have ſomething to ſpare for them likewiſe; but, at all events, ſhe loved Marian beſt.

However, her mamma adviſed her, to give her ſweet things ſeldomer, and inſtead thereof ſomething that would be of more uſe to her, ſuch as an apron or a gown. Miſs Bella immediately propoſed to give her one of her frocks; but her mamma

mamma ſoon made her ſenſible of the impropriety of dreſſing up a village girl, without ſhoes or ſtockings, in a muſlin ſlip. "Were I in your place, (ſaid her mamma) I would be ſparing in my amuſements for ſome time, and when I had ſaved a little money, I would lay it out in buying whatever was moſt neceſſary for her. The ſtuffs that poor children wear are not very expenſive." Bella followed her mamma's advice. Marian was not, indeed, ſo punctual in her morning viſits, but Bella made her preſents that were far more uſeful than ſweetmeats.

Miſs Bella, beſides frequently giving Marian an apron, a petticoat, or ſuch like, paid a certain ſum every month to the ſchoolmaſter of the village to improve her in reading. Marian was ſo ſenſible of theſe kindneſſes, that ſhe grew every day more tenderly fond of her kind benefactreſs. She frequently paid her a viſit, and was never ſo happy as when ſhe could do any litttle matters to oblige her.

Marian came one day to the garden-gate to wait for Bella's coming down to her; but ſhe did not come, and ſhe was obliged to go back again without ſeeing her. She returned two days ſucceſſively

ceſſively, but no Bella appeared, which was a great affliction to her little heart, and ſhe began to fear ſhe had inadvertently offended her. "I have perhaps, (ſaid ſhe to herſelf) done ſomething to vex her: I am ſure, if I knew I had, I would aſk her a thouſand pardons, for I cannot live without loving her."

While ſhe was thus reflecting, one of Mrs. Adams's maids came out of the houſe, when poor Marian ſtopped her, and aſked her where Miſs Bella was. "Miſs Bella! (replied the woman) ſhe is ill of the ſmall-pox, ſo ill, indeed, that there are no hopes of her recovery!" Poor Marian was all diſtraction, and without conſidering what ſhe did, flew up ſtairs, and burſt into Mrs. Adams's room, imploring on her knees, that ſhe might be permitted to ſee her dear Miſs Bella.

Mrs. Adams would have ſtopped Marian; but the door being half open, ſhe flew to her bedſide like an arrow out of a bow. Poor Bella was in a violent fever, alone, and very low ſpirited; for all her little companions had forſaken her. Marian, drowned in tears, ſeized hold of Bella's hand, ſqueezed it in hers, and kiſſed it. "Ah! my dear

dear Miſs, (ſaid ſhe) is it in this condition I find you! But you muſt not die; what would then become of me? I will watch over you and ſerve you! Shall I, my dear Miſs Bella?

Miſs Bella, ſqueezing Marian's hand, ſignified to her, that ſtaying with her would do her a great favour. And the little maid, with Mrs. Adams's conſent, became Bella's nurſe, which ſhe performed the part of to admiration. She had a ſmall bed made up for her, cloſe beſide her little ſick friend, whom ſhe never left for a moment. If the ſlighteſt ſigh eſcaped Bella, Marian was up in an inſtant to know what ſhe wanted, and gave her, with her own hands, all her medicines.

This grateful girl did every thing ſhe could to amuſe her friend. She ranſacked Mrs. Adams's library for books that had pictures in them, which ſhe would ſhew to Bella; and during that time that her eyes were darkened by her diſorder, which was for near a week, Marian exerted herſelf to the utmoſt to divert her. When Bella grew impatient at the want of ſight, Marian told her ſtories of what happened in the village; and, as ſhe had made a good uſe of her ſchool-maſter's inſtructions,

inſtructions, ſhe read whatever ſhe thought would be amuſing and diverting to her.

Thus Marian was not only her nurſe, but philoſopher alſo; for ſhe would ſometimes ſay to her, "God Almighty will have pity upon you, as you have had pity on me. Will you let me ſing a pretty ſong to divert you:" Bella had only to make a ſign, and the little maid would ſing her every ſong ſhe had learned from the village nymphs and ſwains, endeavouring by theſe means to ſoften the affliction of her generous friend.

At length, ſhe began to open her eyes, her lowneſs of ſpirits left her, the pock dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was ſtill covered with red ſpots; but Marian looked at her with more pleaſure than ever, from the conſideration of the danger ſhe had been in of loſing her; while the grateful Bella, on the other hand, regarded her with equal tenderneſs. "In what manner, (ſhe would ſometimes ſay) can I think of requiting you to my own ſatisfaction, for the tender care you have taken of me?"

Miſs Bella, as ſoon as ſhe found herſelf perfectly recovered, aſked her mamma in what manner ſhe ſhould recompenſe her faithful and tender nurſe;

nurſe; but Mrs. Adams, whoſe joy on the recovery of her daughter was inexpreſſible, deſired Bella to leave that matter to her, as ſhe likewiſe was equally in her debt.

Mrs. Adams gave private orders to have a complete ſuit of clothes made for Marian, and Bella deſired that ſhe might have the pleaſure of dreſſing her the firſt time ſhe was permitted to go into the garden. The day arrived, and it was indeed a day of rejoicing throughout the whole family; for Bella was beloved by all the ſervants, as well as by all her acquaintance.

This was a joyful day to Miſs Bella, who had the double ſatisfaction of ſeeing her health reſtored, and of beholding her little friend dreſſed out in her new clothes. It is much eaſier to conceive than to expreſs the emotions of theſe two tender hearts, when they again found themſelves in the garden, on that very ſpot where their acquaintance firſt commenced. They tenderly embraced each other, and vowed an inſeparable friendſhip.

It is evidently clear, from the ſtory of Bella and Marian, how advantageous it is to be generous and humane. Had not Bella by her kind-

neſs attached Marian to her intereſt, ſhe might have ſunk under the ſevere indiſpoſition; from which the kind atttentions, and the unremitting aſſiduities of Marian, were perhaps the chief means of reſtoring her.

LITTLE JACK.

ONE day, as Mr. Glover was returning home, after taking a ride over his eſtates, and paſſing by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a ſmall village, he heard the ſound of groans and lamentations. As he had a heart that was ever open to the diſtreſſes of others, he alighted from his horſe to ſee from whence the voice proceeded, and got over the encloſure.

On his entering the place, he perceived a grave freſh filled up, upon which, at full length, lay a child about five years old, who was crying ſadly. Mr. Glover went up to him, and tenderly aſked him what he did there. "I am calling my mother, (ſaid he) they laid her here yeſterday, and ſhe does not get up."

Mr. Glover then told him, that his poor mother was dead, and would get up no more. "I know, (replied the poor child) that they tell me ſhe is dead, but I do not believe it. She was perfectly well when ſhe left me the other day with old Suſan our neighbour; ſhe told me ſhe would ſoon come back, but ſhe has not kept her word. My father is gone away too, and alſo my little brother; and the other boys of the village will not play with me, but ſay very naughty things about my father and mother, which vexes me more than all. O mammy, get up, get up!"

Mr. Glover's eyes were filled with tears: he aſked him where his father and brother were gone to. He replied, that he did not know where his father was; and as to his little brother, he was the day before taken to another town, by a perſon

ſon dreſſed in black, juſt like their parſon. Mr. Glover then aſked him where he lived. "With our neighbour Suſan, (ſaid he) I am to be there till my mother comes back, as ſhe promiſed me. I love my other mammy Suſan very well! but I love my mammy that lies here a great deal better. O mother! mother! why do you lie ſo long? when will you get up?"

"My poor child, (ſaid Mr. Glover) it is in vain to call her, for ſhe will awake no more!"— "Then, (ſaid the poor little boy) I will lie down here, and ſleep by her. Ah! I ſaw her when they put her into a great cheſt to carry her away. Oh, how white ſhe was! and how cold! I will lie down here and ſleep by her!"

The tears now ſtarted from the eyes of Mr. Glover, for he could no longer conceal them, but ſtooping down, took the child up in his arms, and tenderly kiſſed him, aſking him what was his name. "When I am a good boy, they call me Jackey, and when I behave amiſs, they ſay, you Jack." Mr. Glover, though in tears, could not help ſmiling at the innocence and ſimplicity of this anſwer, and begged Jackey to conduct him to the houſe of the good Suſan.

The child very readily conſented, and running before him as faſt as his legs would carry him, conducted Mr. Glover to Suſan's door. Suſan was not a little ſurpriſed, on ſeeing Jack conduct a gentleman into her cottage, and then running to her, hid his little head in her lap, crying, "This is ſhe! this is my other mammy!" Mr. Glover, however, did not keep her long in ſuſpenſe, but related to her what he had juſt ſeen, and begged Suſan to give him the hiſtory of the parents of this little boy. Suſan deſired the gentleman to be ſeated, and then related to him the following particulars:

"The father of this poor child is a ſhoe-maker, and his houſe is next to mine. His wife, though a handſome, was not a healthy woman; but ſhe was a careful and good houſewife. It is about ſeven years ſince they were married, always lived together on the beſt terms, and undoubtedly would have been perfectly happy, had their affairs been a little better.

"John had nothing beyond what his trade produced him, and Margaret, his wife, being left an orphan, had only a little money which ſhe had ſcraped together in the ſervice of a worthy neigh-

neighbouring curate. With this they bought the moſt neceſſary articles of houſhold furniture, and a ſmall ſtock of leather to begin buſineſs with. However, by dint of labour and good management, they for ſome years contrived to live a little comfortably.

" As children encreaſed, ſo did their difficulties, and misfortunes ſeldom come alone. Poor Margaret, who had daily worked in the fields during hay-time, to bring home a little money to her huſband at night, fell ill, and continued ſo all the harveſt and winter. John's cuſtomers left him one after another, fearing that work could not go on properly in a ſick houſe.

" Though Margaret at laſt grew better, yet her huſband's work continued to decline, and he was obliged to borrow money to pay the apothecary; while poor Margaret continued ſo weakly that nobody thought it worth their while to employ her. The rent of their houſe, and the intereſt of the money they had borrowed, were heavy loads upon them; and they were frequently obliged to endure hunger themſelves, in order to give a morſel of bread to their poor children.

" To

"To add to their misfortunes, their hard-hearted landlord threatened to put poor John in jail, if he did not pay the two quarters rent that were due; and, though he is the richeſt man in the place, it was with the greateſt difficulty that they could obtain a month's delay. He declared, if they did not at the end of that time pay the whole, he would ſell their furniture, and put John in priſon. Their houſe was now a picture of melancholy and patient diſtreſs. How often have I lamented my inability to aſſiſt the diſtreſſes of this honeſt couple!

"I went myſelf to their landlord, and begged of him, for God's ſake, to have ſome compaſſion on theſe unfortunate people, and even offered to pawn to him all I was poſſeſſed of in the world; but he treated me with contempt, and told me I was as bad as they were. I was obliged, however, being only a poor widow, to bear the inſult with patience, and contented myſelf by eaſing my heart with a flood of tears.

"I adviſed poor Margaret to make her diſtreſſes known to the worthy clergyman, with whom ſhe had ſo long lived with an unblemiſhed character, and to beg of him to advance them a little money.

Margaret replied, that ſhe ſuppoſed her huſband would not like that propoſal, fearing that their friend might ſuſpect their neceſſities proceeded from miſmanagement.

"It is but a few days ago ſince ſhe brought me her two children, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. Her intention was to go to a village at a little diſtance, and endeavour to get ſome hemp from the weaver to ſpin, with a view to get ſomething towards the debt. As ſhe could not perſuade herſelf to wait upon the clergyman, her huſband had undertaken it, and had accordingly ſet off on that buſineſs. As Margaret was going, ſhe claſped her two children to her breaſt and kiſſed them, little thinking it was to be the laſt time ſhe ſhould ever ſee them.

"Soon after ſhe was gone, I heard ſome noiſe in her houſe, but ſuppoſed it might be only the flapping of the door. However, the evening came on, and my neighbour did not come to fetch her children as uſual. I therefore determined to go to her houſe, and ſee if ſhe was come home. I found the door open, and went in; but how ſhall I expreſs my horror and aſtoniſhment, when I found

I found poor Margaret lying dead at the foot of the ſtairs!

" After trying in vain to recover her, I fetched the ſurgeon, who ſhook his head, and ſaid all was over. The coroner's inqueſt brought in their verdict Accidental Death; but, as her huſband was miſſing, ill-natured people raiſed ſuſpicious reports. Her death, however, was eaſily to be accounted for: ſhe had returned to her houſe, to go up to the loft for a bag to hold her hemp, and, as her eyes were ſtill dimmed with tears, ſhe had miſſed her ſtep in coming down, and fallen from the top of the ſtairs, with her head-foremoſt, on the ground. The bag that laid by her ſide ſhewed this to have been the caſe.

" I made an offer to the pariſh officers to keep the two children myſelf, not doubting, but that the goodneſs of God, even a poor widow as I was, would enable me to ſupport them. The worthy curate came yeſterday to ſee the unfortunate Margaret, and great indeed was his affliction, when I related to him what I have been now telling you. I then told him, that John was gone to him; but I was much ſurpriſed, when he declared he had ſeen nothing of him.

The

The two children came up to him, and little Jack aſked him, if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time aſleep. This brought tears into the eyes of the good curate, who propoſed to take the two children home to his own houſe, and bring them up under his care; but, as I could not conſent to part with both theſe innocents, it was at laſt agreed, that he ſhould take the younger, and leave me the elder.

" He aſked little Jack, if he ſhould not like to go with him. " What, where my mother is? (ſaid Jack) oh! yes, with all my heart!—" " No, my little man, (replied the curate) I do not mean there, but to my handſome houſe and garden."—" No, no, (anſwered Jack) I will ſtay here with Suſan, and every day go to where my mother is; for I would rather go there than to your handſome garden."

" This worthy curate did not chuſe to vex the child more, who went and hid himſelf behind my bed curtains. He told me he would ſend his man for the younger, who would be more trouble to me than the elder child, and before he went, left me ſome money towards the ſupport of this.

" This,

"This, Sir, is the whole of this unfortunate buſineſs. What makes me exceedingly uneaſy at preſent is, that John does not return, and that it is reported in the pariſh, that he has connected himſelf with a gang of ſmugglers, and that his wife put an end to her life through grief. Theſe ſtories have obtained ſuch credit in the village, that even the children have got it; and whenever poor Jack attempts to mix with them, they drive him away as though he were infectious. Hence the poor little fellow is quite dull, and now never goes out but to pay a ſad viſit to his mother's grave."

Mr. Glover, who had ſilently liſtened to this melancholy tale, was deeply affected by it. Little Jack was now got cloſe up to Suſan, he looked at her with fondneſs, and often called her his mother. Mr. Glover at length broke ſilence, and told Suſan ſhe was a worthy woman, and that God would not fail to reward her for her generoſity towards this unfortunate family.

"Ah! (ſaid Suſan) I am happy in what I have done, and I wiſh I could have done more; but my only poſſeſſion conſiſts in my cottage, a little garden, in which I have a few greens, and what I can

I can earn by the labour of my hands. Yet for theſe eight years that I have been a widow, God has not ſuffered me to want, and I truſt he never will."

Mr. Glover reminded her, that keeping this little boy muſt be very inconvenient to her, and that ſhe would find it difficult to ſupply him with clothes. She anſwered, "I leave the care of that to him, who clothes the fields with graſs, and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to ſow and ſpin, and they ſhall work to clothe my poor little orphan. I will never part with him."

Mr. Glover was aſtoniſhed at this good woman's reſolution. "I muſt not ſuffer you alone (ſaid he) to have all the honour of befriending this poor orphan, ſince God has beſtowed on me thoſe bleſſings of affluence which you do not enjoy. Permit me to take care of the education of this ſweet boy; and, ſince I find you cannot live ſeparate, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your cottage and garden, and make my houſe your own, where you may ſpend the remainder of your life amidſt peace and plenty."

Suſan gave Mr. Glover a moſt affectionate look, but begged he would excuſe her accepting his offer, as ſhe was fond of the ſpot on which ſhe was born, and had lived in ſo long. Beſides, ſhe added, ſhe could not ſuit herſelf to the buſtle of a great houſe, and ſhould ſoon grow ſick, were ſhe to live upon dainties in idleneſs. "If you will pleaſe (continued Suſan) now and then to ſend him a ſmall matter to pay for his ſchooling, and to ſupply him with tools when he ſhall take to buſineſs, God will not fail to reward you for your bounty. As I have no child, he ſhall be as one to me, and whatever I poſſeſs ſhall be his at my death."

Mr. Glover, finding ſhe did not chuſe to quit her habitation, told her, he ſhould every month ſend her what would be ſufficient for her ſupport, and that he would ſometimes come and ſee them himſelf. Suſan lifted up her hands to heaven, and bid Jackey go and aſk the gentleman's bleſſing, which he did. He then threw down his purſe on the table, bid them a farewell, and mounting his horſe, took the road that led to the pariſh in which the worthy curate lived.

On Mr. Glover's arrival there, he found the worthy curate reading a letter, on which he had

ſhed ſome tears. He explained the cauſe of his viſit to this worthy divine, and aſked him, if he knew what was become of the father of the two little unfortunate children. The curate replied, that it was not a quarter of an hour ſince he received a letter from him to his wife. "It was (ſaid the curate) incloſed in one to me, and contains a ſmall draft for the uſe of his wife; he requeſts me to deliver it to her, and to conſole her for his abſence. As ſhe is dead, I have opened the letter, and here it is: be ſo kind as to read it." Mr. Glover took the letter, the particulars of which were as follow:

He hoped his wife would not give herſelf any uneaſineſs on account of his abſence. As he was going to the clergyman's houſe, he began to think, that he could be of no uſe to go thus a begging, and, if he ſhould borrow money, he was not ſure he ſhould be able to pay it, which he thought would be as bad as thieving. At this inſtant a thought ſtruck into his head, that he was young and hearty, ſtout and able-bodied, and therefore could ſee no harm if he entered on board a man of war for a few years, where he might ſtand a chance of getting a fortune for his wife

and children, at leaſt get enough to pay all his debts. While he was thinking of this matter, a preſs-gang came up, and aſked him if he would enter, telling him that they would give him five pounds bounty. The thought of receiving five pounds, fixed his determination at once, and he accordingly entered, received the money, and ſent every farthing of it to his wife, with his love and bleſſing, and hoping they would all join in their prayers to God for him. He hoped the war would ſoon be over, and that he ſhould then return with inexpreſſible joy to his dear wife.

Mr. Glover's eyes ſwimmed with tears all the time he was reading the letter. When he had finiſhed it, "this man, (ſaid he) may indeed juſtly be called a good huſband, a tender father, and an honeſt man. There is an expreſſive pleaſure in being a friend to ſuch characters as theſe. I will pay John's debts, and enable him to take up his trade again. Let his money be kept for the children, to be divided between them, as ſoon as they ſhall be at an age to know how to make uſe of it, and I will add ſomething to this ſacred depoſit."

So greatly was the worthy curate affected, that he could make no reply; and Mr. Glover, perfectly

perfectly underſtanding the cauſe of his ſilence, ſqueezed him by the hand, and took his leave; but he completely accompliſhed all his deſigns in favour of John, who at length returned, and enjoyed an eaſineſs of circumſtances beyond any thing he had before experienced.

Nothing now diſturbed John's felicity, but the ſorrowful reflection of having loſt his dear Margaret; ſhe had experienced part of his miſfortunes, but had not lived to ſhare in his felicity; and John's only conſolation is perpetually to talk about her to Suſan, whom he looks upon as a ſiſter to him, and as a mother to his children. Little Jack frequently viſits his mother's grave; and has made ſo good a uſe of Mr. Glover's generoſity, in improving himſelf, that this excellent gentleman intends placing him in a very deſirable ſituation. John's younger ſon has likewiſe a ſhare in his favours; and whenever Mr. Glover's mind is oppreſſed, a viſit to this ſpot, where ſuch an affecting ſcene paſſed, and where he has been enabled to do ſo much good, never fails to raiſe his ſpirits.

My readers will from hence learn, that God always aſſiſts thoſe who put their truſt in him.

It is on him we muſt rely on every occaſion and he will not deſert us, provided we ourſelves alſo try to ſurmount difficulties by patience and induſtry.

LEONORA AND ADOLPHUS.

A Young widow lady, whoſe name was Lenox, had two children, Leonora and Adolphus, both equally deſerving the affections of a parent, which, however, were unequally ſhared. Adolphus was the favourite, which Leonora very early began to diſcover, and conſequently felt no ſmall ſhare of uneaſineſs on the occaſion; but ſhe was prudent enough to conceal her ſorrow.

Leonora,

Leonora, though not remarkably handſome, had a mind that made ample amends for the want of beauty; but her brother was a little Cupid, on whom Mrs. Lenox laviſhed all her kiſſes and careſſes. It is no wonder that the ſervants, to gain the favour of their miſtreſs, were very attentive to humour him in all his whimſies. Leonora, on the other hand, was conſequently ſlighted by every one in the houſe; and, ſo far from wiſhing to ſtudy her humour, they ſcarcely treated her with common civility.

Finding herſelf frequently alone and neglected, and taken little notice of by any one, ſhe would privately ſhed a torrent of tears; but ſhe always took care, that not the leaſt mark of diſcontent ſhould eſcape her in the preſence of any one. Her conſtant attention to the obſervance of her duty, her mildneſs, and endeavours to convince her mother, that her mind was ſuperior to her face, had no effect; for beauty alone attracts the attention of thoſe, who examine no further than external appearances.

Mrs. Lenox, who was continually chiding Leonora, and expecting from her perfections far beyond the reach of thoſe more advanced in years,

years, at laſt fell ſick. Adolphus ſeemed very ſorry for his mother's illneſs; but Leonora, with the ſofteſt looks and moſt languiſhing countenance, fancied ſhe perceived in her mother an abatement of her accuſtomed rigour towards her, and far ſurpaſſed her brother in her attention to her parent. She endeavoured to ſupply her ſlighteſt wants, exerted all her penetration to diſcover them, that ſhe might even ſpare her the pain of aſking for any thing. So long as her mother's illneſs had the leaſt appearance of danger, ſhe never quitted her pillow, and neither threats nor commands could prevail on her to take the leaſt repoſe.

Mrs. Lenox, however, at length recovered, which afforded inexpreſſible pleaſure to the amiable Leonora; but ſhe ſoon experienced a renewal of her misfortunes, as her mother began to treat her with her uſual ſeverity and indifference.

As Mrs. Lenox was one day talking to her children on the pain ſhe had ſuffered during her illneſs, and was praiſing them for the anxiety they had ſhewn on her account, ſhe deſired them to aſk of her whatever they thought would be the moſt

moſt pleaſing to them, and they ſhould certainly be indulged in it, provided their demands were not unreaſonable.

Firſt addreſſing herſelf to Adolphus, ſhe deſired to know what he would chooſe; and his deſire was to have a cane and a watch, which his mother promiſed he ſhould have the next morning. "And pray, Leonora, (ſaid Mrs. Lenox) what is your wiſh?—"Me, mamma, me? (anſwered, ſhe trembling) if you do but love me, I have nothing elſe to wiſh for!"—"That is not an anſwer; (replied her mother) you ſhall have your recompence likewiſe, miſs; therefore ſpeak your wiſh inſtantly.

However accuſtomed Leonora might have been to this ſevere tone, yet ſhe felt it on this occaſion more ſenſibly than ever ſhe had before. She threw herſelf at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes ſwimming in tears, and inſtantly hiding her face with both her hands, liſped out theſe words: "Only give me two kiſſes, ſuch as you give my brother."

What heart could fail to relent at theſe words? Mrs. Lenox felt all the tender ſentiments of a parent ariſe in her heart, and taking her up in her

her arms, ſhe claſped her to her breaſt, and loaded her with kiſſes. The ſweet Leonora, who now, for the firſt time received her mother's careſſes, gave way to the effuſion of her joy and love; ſhe kiſſed her cheeks, her eyes, her breaſts, and her hands; and Adolphus, who loved his ſiſter, mixed his embraces with hers. Thus all had a ſhare in this ſcene of unexpected happineſs.

The affection, which Mrs. Lenox had ſo long withheld from Leonora, ſhe now repaid with intereſt, and her daughter returned it with the moſt dutiful attention. Adolphus, ſo far from being jealous at this change of his mother's affection for his ſiſter, ſhewed every mark of pleaſure on the occaſion, and he afterwards reaped a reward of ſo generous a conduct; for his natural diſpoſition having been, in ſome meaſure, injured by the too great indulgence of his mother, he gave way in his early days to thoſe little indiſcretions, which would have loſt him the heart of his parent, had not his ſiſter ſtepped in between them. It was in the advice of this amiable girl that Adolphus at laſt owed his entire reformation of manners. They all three then experienced, that true happineſs cannot exiſt in a family, unleſs the moſt

moſt perfect union between brothers and ſiſters, and the moſt lively and equal affection between parents and children, are conſtantly and ſtrictly adhered to.

FLORA AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

A POOR countryman's little daughter, whoſe name was Flora, was one morning ſitting by the ſide of the road, holding on her lap a pan of milk for her breakfaſt, into which ſhe was breaking ſome bits of coarſe black bread.

While Flora was thus buſily employed at her breakfaſt, a farmer was paſſing the road with his

cart, in which were about twenty lambs, and theſe he was going to carry to the market for ſale. Theſe pretty little lambs were tied together like ſo many criminals, and lay with their legs faſtened with cords, and their heads hanging down. Their plaintive bleatings pierced the heart of poor Flora, but they had no manner of effect on the hard-hearted farmer.

As ſoon as he came oppoſite to the place where little Flora was ſitting, he threw down to her a lamb, which he was carrying acroſs his ſhoulder, ſaying, "There, my girl, is a poor ſorry creature that has juſt died, and made me ſome ſhillings poorer than I was. You may take it, if you will, and do what you like with it."

Flora put down her milk and her bread, and taking up the lamb, viewed it with looks of tenderneſs and compaſſion. "But why ſhould I pity you? (ſaid ſhe to the lamb). Either this day or to-morrow they would have run a great knife through your throat, whereas now you have nothing to fear."

While ſhe was thus ſpeaking, the warmth of her arms ſomewhat revived the lamb, who opening its eyes a little, made a ſlight motion, and cried

baa in a very low tone, as if it were calling for its mother. It would be impoſſible to expreſs little Flora's joy on this occaſion. She covered the lamb in her apron, and over that put her ſtuff petticoat; ſhe then bent her breaſt down towards her lap, in order to increaſe the warmth, and blew into its mouth and noſtrils with all the force ſhe could. By degrees, the poor animal began to ſtir, and every motion it made conveyed joy to her little heart.

This ſucceſs encouraged her to proceed: ſhe crumbled ſome of her bread into her pan, and taking it up in her fingers, ſhe with no ſmall difficulty forced it between its teeth, which were very firmly cloſed together. The lamb, whoſe only diſorder was hunger and fatigue, began to feel the effects of this nouriſhment. It firſt began to ſtretch out its limbs, then to ſhake its head, to wag its tail, and at laſt to prick up its ears. In a little time, it was able to ſtand upon its legs, and then went of itſelf to Flora's breakfaſt pan, who was highly delighted to ſee it take ſuch pleaſing liberties; for ſhe cared not a farthing about loſing her own breakfaſt, ſince it ſaved the life of the little lamb. In

ſhort, in a little time it recovered its uſual ſtrength, and began to ſkip and play about her kind deliverer.

It may naturally be ſuppoſed that Flora was greatly pleaſed at this unexpected ſucceſs. She took it up in her arms, and ran with it to the cottage to ſhew it her mother. Her Baba, for ſo Flora called it, became the firſt object of her cares, and it conſtantly ſhared with her in the little allowance of bread and milk, which ſhe received for her meals. Indeed, ſo fond was ſhe of it, that ſhe would not have exchanged it for a whole flock. Nor was Baba inſenſible of the fondneſs of her little miſtreſs, ſince ſhe would follow her wherever ſhe went, would come and eat out of her hand, ſkip and friſk round her, and would bleat moſt piteouſly, whenever Flora was obliged to leave her at home.

Baba, however, repaid the ſervices of her little miſtreſs in a more ſubſtantial manner, than that of merely dancing about her; for ſhe brought forth young lambs, thoſe lambs grew up, and brought forth others; ſo that, within the ſpace of a few years, Flora had a very capital flock, that

that furniſhed the whole family with food and raiment. Such, my little readers, are the rewards which Providence beſtows on acts of goodneſs, tenderneſs, and humanity.

THE FRUITFUL VINE.

IT was in the beginning of the ſpring, when Mr. Jackſon went to his country houſe, and took with him his little ſon Junius, in order to treat him with a walk in the garden. The primroſes and violets were then diſplaying all their beauties, and many trees had begun to ſhew what livery they were ſoon to wear.

After walking ſome time about the garden, they happened to go into the ſummer-houſe, at the foot of which grew the ſtump of a vine which

which twiſted wildly, and extended its naked branches in a rude and irregular manner. As ſoon as little Junius ſaw this tree, he exclaimed ſadly againſt the ugly appearance it made, and began to exert all his ſtrength to pull it up, but he found his efforts in vain, it being too well rooted to yield to his weak arm. He begged his papa to call the gardener to grub it up, and make fire-wood of it; but Mr. Jackſon deſired his ſon to let the tree alone, telling him that he would, in a few months, give him his reaſons for not complying with his requeſt.

This did not ſatisfy Junius, who deſired his father to look at thoſe lively crocuſſes and ſnow-drops, ſaying, he could not ſee why that barren ſtump ſhould be kept, which did not produce a ſingle green leaf. He thought it ſpoiled and diſfigured the garden, and therefore begged his father would permit him to fetch the gardener to pluck it up.

Mr. Jackſon, who could not think of granting him his requeſt, told him, that it muſt ſtand as it then was, at leaſt for ſome time to come. Little Junius ſtill perſiſted in his entreaties, urging how diſgraceful it was to the garden; but his father

diverted

diverted his attention from the vine, by turning the converſation.

It ſo happened, that Mr. Jackſon's affairs called him to a different part of the country, from whence he did not return till the middle of autumn. He no ſooner came home, than he paid a viſit to his country houſe, taking little Junius with him. As the day happened to be exceedingly warm, they retired to enjoy the benefit of the ſhade, and entered the arbour, in which the vine ſtump had before ſo much offended his ſon Junius.

" Ah! papa, (ſaid the young gentleman) how charming and delightful is this green ſhade! I am much obliged to you for having that dry and ugly ſtump plucked up, which I found ſo much fault with when we were here laſt, and for putting in its place this beautiful plant; I ſuppoſe you did it in order to give me an agreeable ſurprize. How delightful and tempting the fruit looks! What fine grapes! ſome purple, and others almoſt black. I ſee no tree in the garden that looks in ſo blooming a ſtate. All have loſt their fruit; but this fine one ſeems in the higheſt perfection: See how it is loaded! See thoſe wide-ſpreading leaves that hide the cluſters. If the fruit be as good

good as it appears beautiful, it muſt be delicious."

Little Junius was in raptures when he taſted one of the grapes, which his father gave him; and ſtill more when he informed him, that from ſuch fruit was made that delicious liquor, which he ſometimes taſted after dinner. The little fellow was quite aſtoniſhed on hearing his father talk thus; but he was far more ſurprized, when Mr. Jackſon told him, that all thoſe fine leaves, and delicious fruit, grew from that very crooked and miſhapen ſtump, with which he had been ſo angry in the ſpring. His father then aſked him, if he ſhould now order the gardener to pluck it up, and make fire-wood of it. Junius was much confuſed; but, after a ſhort ſilence, told his papa, that he would rather ſee every other tree in the garden cut down than that, ſo beautiful were its leaves, and ſo delicious its fruit.

As Mr. Jackſon was a man of good ſenſe, he thus moralized on this occaſion. "You ſee then my dear, (ſaid he) how imprudently I ſhould have acted, had I followed your advice, and cut down this tree. Daily experience convinces us, that the ſame thing happens frequently in the commerce of this world, which has in this inſtance miſled

miſled you. When we ſee a child badly clothed, and of an unpleaſing external appearance, we are too apt to deſpiſe him, and grow conceited on comparing ourſelves with him; and ſometimes even go ſo far as cruelly to addreſs him in haughty and inſulting language. But beware, my dear boy, how you run into errors by forming a too haſty judgment. It is poſſible, that in a perſon ſo little favoured by nature, may dwell an exalted ſoul, which may one day aſtoniſh the world with the greatneſs of its virtues, or enlighten it with knowledge. The moſt rugged ſtem may produce the moſt delicious fruit, while the ſtraight and ſtately plant may be worthleſs and barren."

SIR JOHN DENHAM AND HIS WORTHY TENANT.

ONE morning, Sir John Denham having ſhut himſelf up in his ſtudy on ſome particular buſineſs, his ſervant came to inform him, that one of his tenants, farmer Harris, deſired to ſpeak with him. Sir John told him to ſhew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to beg him to ſtay one moment, until he had finiſhed writing a letter.

Sir

Sir John had three children, Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, who were in the drawing-room when the farmer was introduced. As ſoon as he entered, he ſaluted them very reſpectfully, though not with the grace of a dancing-maſter, nor were his compliments very elegantly turned. The two ſons looked at each other with a ſmile of contempt and diſreſpect. Indeed, they behaved in ſuch a manner, that the poor farmer bluſhed, and was quite out of countenance.

Robert was ſo ſhamefully impertinent as to walk round him, holding his noſe, and aſking his brother, if he did not perceive ſomething of the ſmell of a dung-heap? Then he lighted ſome paper at the fire, and carried it round the room, in order to diſperſe, as he ſaid, the unpleaſant ſmell. Arthur all the while ſtood laughing moſt heartily.

Sophia, however, acted in a very different manner; for, inſtead of imitating the rudeneſs of her brothers, ſhe checked them for their behaviour, made apologies for them to the farmer, and approaching him with the moſt complaiſant looks, offered him ſome wine to refreſh him, made him ſit down, and took from him his hat and ſtick to put by.

In

In a little time, Sir John came out of his ſtudy, and approaching the farmer in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, enquired after the health of his family, and aſked him what had brought him to town. The farmer replied, that he was come to pay him half a year's rent, and that he hoped he would not be diſpleaſed at his not coming ſooner, the roads having been ſo bad that he could not till then carry his corn to market.

Sir John told him he was not diſpleaſed at his not coming ſooner, becauſe he knew him to be an honeſt man, who had no occaſion to be put in mind of his debts. The farmer then put down the money, and drew out of his great-coat pocket a jar of candied fruits. "I have brought ſomething here (ſaid he) for the young folks. Won't you be ſo kind, Sir John, as to let them come out one of theſe days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us? I'd try, as well as I could, to entertain and amuſe them. I have two good ſtout nags, and would come for them myſelf, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaiſe, which will carry them very ſafely, I'll warrant it."

Sir John ſaid, that he would certainly take an opportunity to pay him a viſit, and invited him

to ſtay to dinner; but the farmer excuſed himſelf, ſaying, he had a good deal of buſineſs to do in town, and wiſhed to get home before night. Sir John filled his pocket with cakes for his children, thanked him for the preſent he had made to his family, and then took leave of him.

No ſooner was the farmer gone, than Sophia, in the preſence of her brothers, acquainted her papa of the very rude reception they had given the honeſt farmer. Sir John was exceedingly diſpleaſed at their conduct, and much applauded Sophia for her different behaviour.

Sir John, being ſeated at breakfaſt with his children, opened the farmer's jar of fruit, and he and his daughter ate ſome of them, which they thought were very nice; but Robert and Arthur were neither of them invited to a ſingle taſte. Their longing eyes were fixed upon them; but their father, inſtead of taking any notice of them, continued converſing with Sophia, whom he adviſed never to deſpiſe a perſon merely for the plainneſs of his dreſs; "for, (ſaid he) were we to behave politely to thoſe only who are finely clothed, we ſhould appear to direct our attention more to the dreſs than to the wearer. The moſt worthy

worthy people are frequently found under the plaineſt dreſs, and of this we have an example in farmer Harris. It is this man who helps to clothe you, and alſo to procure you a proper education, for the money that he and my other tenants bring me, enables me to do theſe things."

Breakfaſt being finiſhed, the remainder of the fruit was ordered to be locked up; but Robert and his brother, whoſe longing eyes followed the jar, clearly ſaw they were to have none of them. In this they were confirmed by their father, who told them not to expect to taſte any of thoſe fruits, either on that or any future day.

Robert endeavoured to excuſe himſelf, by ſaying, that it was not his fault if the farmer did not ſmell well; and he thought there was no harm in telling him of it. If people will go among dung, they muſt expect to ſmell of it. "And yet, (ſaid Sir John) if this man were not to manure his land with dung, his crops would fail him, he would be unable to pay me his rent, and you yourſelf would perhaps be obliged to follow a dung-cart." The two boys ſaw diſpleaſure in their papa's countenance, and therefore did not preſume to ſay any thing more.

Early on a morning ſhortly after, the good farmer came to Sir John Denham's door, and ſent up his compliments, kindly inviting him to make a little excurſion to his farm. Sir John could not reſiſt the friendly invitation, as a refuſal might perhaps have made the honeſt farmer uneaſy. Robert and Arthur begged very hard to go along with them, promiſing to behave more civilly in future, and Sophia begging for them likewiſe, Sir John at laſt conſented. They then mounted the four-wheeled chaiſe with joyful countenances, and as the farmer had a pair of good horſes, they were there in a ſhort time.

On their arrival, Mrs. Harris, the farmer's wife, came to the door to receive them, helped the young gentlefolks out of the chaiſe, and kiſſed them. All their little family, dreſſed in their beſt clothes, came out to compliment their viſitors. Sir John would have ſtopped a moment to talk with the little ones, and careſs them; but Mrs. Harris preſſed him to go in, leſt the coffee ſhould grow cold, it being already poured out; it was placed on a table, covered with a napkin as white as ſnow.

Indeed,

Indeed the coffee-pot was not ſilver, nor the cups china, yet every thing was in the neateſt order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked ſlily at each other, and would have burſt out into a laugh, had not their father been preſent. Mrs. Harris, who was a ſenſible woman, gueſſed by their looks what they thought, and therefore made an apology for the humble ſtile in which her table was ſet out, which ſhe owned could not be equal to what they met with at their own homes; but hoped they would not be diſſatisfied with her homely fare. The cakes ſhe produced were excellent, for ſhe ſpared no pains in making them.

As ſoon as breakfaſt was over, the farmer aſked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, and Mrs. Harris took all the pains ſhe could to make the walk pleaſing to the children. She ſhewed them all her flocks, which covered the fields, and gave them the prettieſt lambs to play with. She then conducted them to the pigeon-houſe, where every thing was clean and wholeſome. There were ſome ſo young that they were unable to fly; ſome of the mothers ſitting on their eggs, and others employed in feeding their young. From their pigeon-houſe they proceeded to the

bee-hive; but Mrs. Harris took care that they ſhould not go near them, for fear of being ſtung.

Moſt of theſe ſights being new to the children, they ſeemed highly pleaſed with them, and were even going to take a ſecond ſurvey of them, when the farmer's youngeſt ſon came to inform them that dinner was ready. They eat off pewter, and drank out of Delft ware; but Robert and Arthur, finding themſelves ſo well pleaſed with their morning walk, dared not to indulge themſelves in ill-natured obſervations. Mrs. Harris, indeed, had ſpared neither pains nor attention to produce every thing in the beſt manner ſhe was able.

Sir John, after dinner, perceiving two fiddles hang up againſt the wall, aſked who played on thoſe inſtruments. The farmer anſwered, he and his ſon; and without ſaying a word more, he made a ſign to his ſon Luke to take down the fiddles. They by turns played ſome old tunes, with which Sir John ſeemed highly pleaſed. As they were going to hang up the inſtruments, Sir John deſired his two ſons to play ſome of their beſt tunes, putting the fiddles into their hands;

hands; but they knew not even how to hold the bow, and their confuſion occaſioned a general laugh.

Sir John, now thinking it time to return home, deſired the farmer to order the carriage. Farmer Harris ſtrongly preſſed Sir John to ſtay all night, but the farmer was at laſt obliged to ſubmit to Sir John's excuſes.

On his return home, he aſked his ſon Robert how he had liked his entertainment, and what he ſhould have thought of the farmer, if he had taken no pains to entertain them. He replied, that he liked his entertainment; but had he not taken pains to accommodate them, he ſhould have thought him an unmannerly clown. "Ah, Robert! Robert! (ſaid Sir John) this honeſt man came to your houſe, and, inſtead of offering him any refreſhment, you made game of him. Which then is the beſt bred, you or the farmer?"

Robert bluſhed, and ſeemed at a loſs what anſwer to make; but at length replied, that it was his duty to receive them well, as he got his living off their lands. "That is true, (anſwered Sir John) but it may be eaſily ſeen who draws the greateſt

greateſt profit from my lands, the farmer or I. He indeed feeds his horſes with hay which he gets off my meadows, but his horſes in return plow the fields, which otherwiſe would be over-run with weeds. He alſo feeds his cows and his ſheep with the hay; but their dung is uſeful in giving fertility to the ground. His wife and children are fed with the harveſt corn; but they in return devote the ſummer to weeding the crops; and afterwards, ſome in reaping them, and ſome in threſhing. All theſe labours end in my advantage. The reſt of the hay and corn he takes to market to ſell, and with the produce thereof he pays his rent. From this it is evident, who derives the greateſt profit from my lands."

Here a long pauſe enſued; but at laſt, Robert confeſſed that he ſaw his error. "Remember then, all your life, (ſaid Sir John) what has now been offered to your eyes and ears. This farmer, ſo homely dreſſed, whoſe manners you have conſidered as ſo ruſtic, this man is better bred than you; and, though he knows nothing of Latin, he knows much more than you, and things of much greater uſe. You ſee, therefore, how unjuſt it is to deſpiſe any one for the plainneſs of

his dreſs, and the ruſticity of his manners. You may underſtand a little Latin, but you know not how to plow, ſow grain, or reap the harveſt, nor even to prune a tree. Sit down with being convinced that you have deſpiſed your ſuperior."

ALFRED AND DORINDA.

MR. Venables, one fine ſummer day, having promiſed his two children, Alfred and Dorinda, to treat them with a walk in a fine garden a little way out of town, went up into his dreſſing-room to prepare himſelf, leaving the two children in the parlour.

Alfred was ſo delighted with the thoughts of the pleaſure he ſhould receive from his walk, that he jumped about the room, without thinking of any

any evil conſequence that could happen: but unluckily the ſkirt of his coat bruſhed againſt a very valuable flower, which his father was rearing with great pains, and which he had unfortunately juſt removed from before the window, in order to ſkreen it from the ſcorching heat of the ſun.

"O brother! brother! (ſaid Dorinda, taking up the flower, which was broken off from the ſtalk) what have you done!" The ſweet girl was holding the flower in her hand, when her father, having dreſſed himſelf, came into the parlour. "Bleſs me, Dorinda, (ſaid Mr. Venables, in an angry tone) how could you be ſo thoughtleſs as to pluck a flower, which you have ſeen me take ſo much care to rear, in order to have ſeed from it." Poor Dorinda was in ſuch a fright, that ſhe could only beg her papa not to be angry. Mr. Venables, growing more calm, replied he was not angry, but reminded her, that as they were going to a garden where there was a variety of flowers, ſhe might have waited till they got there to indulge her fancy. He therefore hoped ſhe would not take it amiſs if he left her at home.

This was a terrible ſituation for Dorinda, who held her head down, and ſaid nothing. Little Alfred, however, was of too generous a temper

to

to keep ſilence any longer. He went up to his papa, with his eyes ſwimming in tears, and told him, that it was not his ſiſter but himſelf, who had accidently beaten off the head of the flower with the flap of his coat. He therefore deſired, that his ſiſter might go abroad, and he ſtay at home.

Mr. Venables was ſo delighted with the generoſity of his children, that he inſtantly forgave the accident, and tenderly kiſſed them both, being happy to ſee them have ſuch an affection for each other. He told them, that he loved them equally alike, and that they ſhould both go with him. Alfred and Dorinda kiſſed each other, and leaped about for joy.

They all three then walked to the garden, where they ſaw plants of the moſt valuable kinds. Mr. Venables obſerved with pleaſure how Dorinda preſſed her clothes on each ſide, and Alfred kept the ſkirts of his coat under his arms, for fear of doing any damage in their walk among the flowers.

The flower Mr. Venables had loſt would have given him ſome pain had it happened from any other circumſtance; but the pleaſure he received from ſeeing ſuch mutual affection and regard ſub-

ſiſt

ſiſt between his two children, amply repaid him for the loſs of his flower. I cannot omit the opportunity that here preſents itſelf, of reminding my young friends, not only how neceſſary, but how amiable and praiſe-worthy it is, for brothers and ſiſters to live together in harmony. It is not only their moſt important intereſt to do ſo, but what ſhould be a ſtill ſtronger argument with them, ſuch are the commands of him who made them.

ROSINA; OR, THE FROWARD GIRL REFORMED.

I WOULD recommend to all my little readers, who have had the misfortune to contract a vicious habit, very attentively to peruſe the following hiſtorical fragment, in which, if they will but properly reflect, they will ſee that amendment is no very difficult thing, when once they form a ſincere reſolution to accompliſh it.

Roſina

Roſina was the joy of her parents until the ſeventh year of her age, at which period the glowing light of reaſon begins to unfold itſelf, and makes us ſenſible of our infantile faults; but this period of life had a different effect on Roſina, who had then contracted an unhappy diſpoſition, which cannot better be deſcribed, than by the practices of thoſe ſnarling curs that grumble inceſſantly, and ſeem always ready to run at and bite thoſe that approach them.

If a perſon touched any of her play-things, though it were by miſtake, ſhe would be out of temper for hours, and murmur about the houſe as though ſhe had been robbed. If any one attempted to correct her, though in the moſt gentle manner, ſhe would fly into a rage, equalled only by the fury of contending elements, and the uproar of the angry billows of the ocean.

Her father and mother ſaw this unaccountable change with inexpreſſible ſorrow; for neither they, nor any one in the houſe, could now bear with her. Indeed, ſhe would ſometimes ſeem ſenſible of her errors, and would often ſhed tears in private, on ſeeing herſelf thus become the object of contempt to every one, not excepting her

parents; but an ill habit had got the better of her temper, and ſhe conſequently every day grew worſe and worſe.

One evening, which happened to be new year's eve, ſhe ſaw her mother going towards her room, with a baſket under her cloak. Roſina followed her mother, who ordered her to go back to the parlour immediately. As Roſina went thither, ſhe threw about all the ſtools and chairs that came in her way.

About half an hour after, her mamma ſent for her, and great indeed was her ſurprize on ſeeing the room lighted up with a number of candles, and the table covered with the moſt elegant toys.

Her mother called her to her, and deſired her to read in a bit of paper which ſhe gave her, for whom thoſe toys were intended, on which ſhe read the following words written in large letters: "For an amiable little girl, in return for her good behaviour." Roſina looked down, and could not ſay a word. On her mother's aſking her, for whom thoſe toys were intended, ſhe replied, with tears in her eyes, that they could not be intended for her.

Her

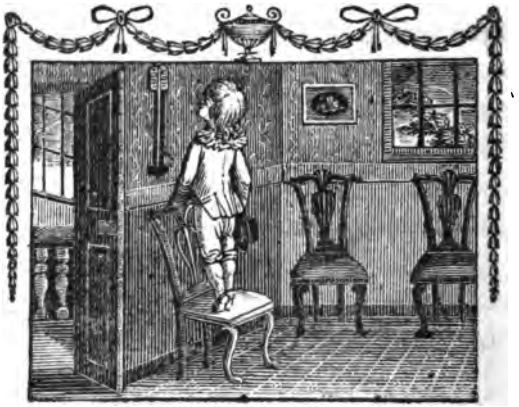
Her parent than ſhewed her another paper deſiring her to ſee if that did not concern her. Roſina took it, and read as follows: "For a froward little girl, who is ſenſible of her faults, and in beginning a new year will take pains to amend them." Roſina, inſtantly throwing herſelf into her mother's arms, and crying bitterly, ſaid, "O! that is I, that is I." The tears alſo fell from her parent's eyes, partly for ſorrow on account of her daughter's faults, and partly through joy in the promiſing hope of her amendment.

"Come Roſina, (ſaid ſhe to her, after a ſhort pauſe) and take what was intended for you, and may God, who has heard your reſolution, give you ability to fulfil it." Roſina, however, inſiſted on it, that it belonged to the perſon deſcribed in the firſt paper, and therefore deſired her mamma to keep thoſe things for her till ſhe anſwered that deſcription. This anſwer gave her mother a deal of pleaſure, and ſhe immediately put all the toys into a drawer, giving the key of it to Roſina, and telling her to open the drawer, whenever ſhe ſhould think it proper ſo to do.

Several weeks paſſed without the leaſt complaint gainſt Roſina, who had performed wonders on herſelf. She then went to her mamma, threw her arms round her neck, and aſked her if ſhe thought ſhe had then any right to open the drawer. "Yes, my dear, (ſaid her mother, claſping her tenderly in her arms) you may now open the drawer with great propriety. But pray tell me how you have ſo well managed to get the better of your temper?" Roſina ſaid it had coſt her a deal of trouble; but every morning and evening, and indeed almoſt every hour in the day, ſhe prayed to God to aſſiſt her.

Her mother ſhed tears of delight on this occaſion; and Roſina became not only miſtreſs of the toys, but of the affections of all her friends and acquaintances. Her mother related this happy change in the temper of her daughter in the preſence of a little miſs, who gave way to the ſame unhappy diſpoſition; when the little girl was ſo ſtruck with the relation of it, that ſhe immediately determined to ſet about the work of reformation, in order to become as amiable as Roſina. Her attempt was not made in vain, and Roſina had the ſatisfaction to find, that in being uſeful to herſelf,

ſelf, ſhe had contributed to make others happy. My youthful readers, if any of you labour under bad habits, ſet about a reformation immediately, leſt you become hardened by time, and thus totally deſtroy your preſent and future happineſs.



LITTLE ANTHONY.

ON one of thoſe fine mornings, which the month of June frequently affords us, little Anthony was buſily employed in preparing to ſet out with his father on a party of pleaſure, which, for ſeveral days before, had engroſſed all his attention. Though, in general, he found it very difficult to riſe early, yet this morning he got up ſoon, without being called, ſo much was his mind fixed on the intended jaunt.

It often happens, with young people in particular, that, all on a ſudden, they loſe the object they flattered themſelves they were almoſt in poſſeſſion of. So it fared with little Anthony; for juſt as they were ready to ſet out, the ſky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a tempeſtuous wind bent down the trees, and raiſed a cloud of duſt.

Little Anthony was running down the garden every minute to ſee how the ſky looked, and then jumped up ſtairs to examine the barometer; but neither the ſky nor the barometer ſeemed to forebode any thing in his favour. Notwithſtanding all this, he gave his father the moſt flattering hopes that it would ſtill be a fair day, and that theſe unfavourable appearances would ſoon diſperſe. He doubted not but that it would be one of the fineſt days in the world; and he therefore thought, that the ſooner they ſet out the better, as it would be a pity to loſe a moment of their time.

His father, however, did not chooſe to be too haſty in giving credit to his ſon's predictions, and thought it more adviſeable to wait a little. While Anthony and his father were reaſoning on this matter, the clouds burſt, and down came a very heavy

heavy ſhower of rain. Poor Anthony was now doubly diſappointed, and vented his grief in tears, refuſing to liſten to the voice of conſolation.

The rain continued without intermiſſion, till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the clouds began to diſperſe, the ſun reſumed its ſplendour, the element its clearneſs, and all nature breathed the odours of the ſpring. As the weather brightened, ſo did the countenance of little Anthony, and by degrees he recovered his good humour.

His father now thought it neceſſary to indulge him with a little walk, and off they ſet. The calmneſs of the air, the muſic of the feathered ſongſters, the lively and enchanting verdure of the fields, and the ſweet perfumes that breathed all round them, completely quieted and compoſed the troubled heart of the diſappointed Anthony.

"Do not you obſerve (ſaid his father to him) how agreeable is the change of every thing before you? You cannot have yet forgotten how dull every thing appeared to us yeſterday; the ground was parched up for want of rain; the flowers had loſt their colour, and hung their heads in langour; and, in ſhort, all nature ſeemed to be in a ſtate of inaction. What can be the reaſon, that nature has ſo ſuddenly put on ſuch a different aſpect?"

aſpect?"—"That is eaſily accounted for, Sir, (ſaid Anthony) it undoubtedly is occaſioned by the rain that has fallen to day."

Anthony had no ſooner pronounced theſe words than he ſaw his father's motive for aſking him the queſtion. He now plainly perceived the impropriety of his late conduct, in being ſo unhappy about what was evidently ſo univerſally ſerviceable. He bluſhed, but his father took no notice of it, judging that his own ſenſe would ſufficiently teach him another time, without reluctance, to ſacrifice ſelfiſh pleaſure to the general good of the community at large.

THE HISTORY OF JONATHAN, THE GARDENER.

IN the city of Lincoln lived an honeſt and induſtrious gardener, whoſe name was Jonathan, and who was in general conſidered as the moſt ſkilful in his profeſſion of any in that county. His fruits were much larger than any of his neighbours, and were generally ſuppoſed to have a more exquiſite flavour.

It

It was the pride of all the neighbouring gentlemen to have Jonathan's fruits to form their deſerts, ſo that he was under no neceſſity of ſending the produce of his garden to market, as he was always ſure of meeting with a ſale for them at home. His prudence and aſſiduity increaſed as his good fortune enlarged, and, inſtead of riches making him idle, he attended more cloſely to cultivation.

Such a character and ſituation could not fail of procuring him a ſuitable matrimonial mate, and he accordingly married a young woman in the neighbourhood, whoſe name was Bella, and who was both prudent and handſome. The firſt year of their marriage was as comfortable as they could wiſh for; for Bella aſſiſted her huſband in his buſineſs, and every thing proſpered with them.

This happineſs, however, was not to laſt long; for near his houſe lived another gardener, whoſe name was Guzzle, and who ſpent his time, from morning to night, in an alehouſe. The merry and thoughtleſs humour of Guzzle by degrees began to be pleaſing to Jonathan, who ſoon fell into the ſame ruinous error. At firſt, he only went

now and then to drink with him, and talk to him about gardening; but he very ſoon began to drop the ſubject of plants, and delight only in the praiſes of malt.

Bella ſaw this change in her huſband with the utmoſt grief and conſternation. As yet, not having ſufficient experience to attend the wall-fruit herſelf, ſhe was frequently obliged to fetch him home to his work, when ſhe generally found him in a ſtate of intoxication. It would often have been better had he kept out of the garden than gone into it; for his head was generally ſo muddled with beer when he went to work on his trees, that his pruning-knife committed the greateſt depredations, cutting away thoſe branches which ought to have been left, and leaving thoſe that were uſeleſs.

Hence it was not to be wondered at, that the garden fell off in the quality and quantity of its fruit, and the more Jonathan perceived the decay, the more he gave himſelf up to drinking. As his garden gradually failed in procuring him the means of getting ſtrong liquor, he firſt parted with his furniture, and then with his linen and clothes.

Bella,

Bella, in the mean time, did what little ſhe could to keep things together; but all to no purpoſe. One day, when ſhe was gone to market with ſome roots ſhe had reared herſelf, he went and ſold his working utenſils, and immediately went and ſpent all with Guzzle. Judge what muſt be the ſituation of poor Bella on her return! It was indeed a heart-breaking conſideration to be thus reduced to poverty by the folly of her huſband; but yet ſhe loved him, and equally felt for him as for herſelf, but ſtill more for an infant as yet but ſix months old, and which received its nouriſhment from her breaſt.

In the evening, Jonathan came home drunk, and ſwearing at his wife, aſked her for ſomething to eat. Bella handed him a knife, and put before him a large baſket covered with her apron; Jonathan in a pet pulled away the apron; but his aſtoniſhment was inexpreſſible, when he beheld nothing in the baſket but his own child faſt aſleep. "Eat that, (ſaid Bella) for I have nothing elſe to give you. It is your own child, and if you do not devour it, famine and miſery will in a ſhort time."

Jonathan ſeemed almoſt petrified into a ſtone at theſe words, and for ſome time remained ſpeechleſs, with his eyes fixed on his little ſleeping ſon. At laſt recovering himſelf, quite ſobered, his heart eaſed itſelf in tears and lamentations. He roſe and embraced his wife, aſked her pardon, and promiſed to amend; and what was ſtill better, he was faithful to his promiſe.

Though his wife's father had for ſome time refuſed to ſee him, yet on being made acquainted with his promiſes of reformation, he advanced money ſufficient to enable him to reſtore his garden to its former ſtate. Jonathan did not deceive him; for his garden put on another appearance, and cut a more ſplendid figure than ever. After this neither his prudence or activity forſook him, but he became at once, and continued ſo even to old age, the honeſt man, the indulgent huſband, and the tender father. He would ſometimes tell this tale of his follies to his ſon, as a leſſon to him, how dangerous it is to get connected with bad company, and how eaſily human nature is led aſtray by the poiſon of example. The ſon, who thus acquired knowledge at the father's former expence, became a wiſe and prudent man, and conceived

conceived ſuch an averſion to idleneſs and drinking, that he continued all his life as ſober as he was laborious. Thus was an innocent infant the cauſe of reformation in a deluded father.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BILLY Jeſſamy, having one day eſpied a ſparrow's neſt under the eves of the houſe, ran directly to inform his ſiſters of the important diſcovery, and they immediately fell into conſultation concerning the manner in which they ſhould take it. It was at laſt agreed, that they ſhould wait till the young ones were fledged, that Billy ſhould

ſhould then get a ladder up againſt the wall, and that his ſiſters ſhould hold it faſt below, while he mounted after the prize.

As ſoon as they thought theſe poor little creatures were properly fledged, preparations were made for the execution of their intended plan. The old birds flew backwards and forwards about the neſt, and expreſſed, as well as they were able, the ſorrow and affliction they felt on being robbed of their young. Billy and his two ſiſters, however, paid no regard to their piteous moans; for they took the neſt, with three young ones in it.

As they had now got the innocent priſoners in their poſſeſſion, the next thing to be conſidered was what they ſhould do with them. The younger ſiſter, being of a mild and tender-hearted diſpoſition, propoſed putting them into a cage, promiſing to look after them herſelf, and to ſee that they wanted for nothing. She reminded her brother and ſiſter how pretty it would be to ſee and hear thoſe birds when grown up.

Billy, however, was of a very different opinion; for he inſiſted on it, that it would be better to pluck off their feathers, and then ſet them down

in

in the middle of the room, as it would be very funny to ſee how they would hop about without feathers. The elder ſiſter was of the ſame way of thinking as the younger; but Billy was determined to have the matter entirely his own way.

The two little ladies finding they were not likely to have things as they wiſhed, gave up the point without much heſitation; for Billy had already begun to ſtrip the poor helpleſs birds. As faſt as he plucked them, he put them down on the floor, and it was not long before the little birds were ſtripped of all their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *Weet! Weet!* and complained in the moſt piteous accents; they ſhook their little wings and ſhuddered with the cold.

Billy, however, who had not the leaſt kind of feeling for their ſufferings, carried his perſecutions ſtill further, puſhing them with his toe to make them go on when they ſtopped, and laughing moſt heartily whenever they ſtaggered or tumbled down through weakneſs. Though his two ſiſters at firſt ſetting off had pleaded againſt this cruel kind of ſport, yet ſeeing their brother ſo merry on the occaſion, they forgot their former

dictates of humanity, and joined in the cruel ſport with him. Such, as we ſaw in the preceding Tale, is the influence of bad example!

In the midſt of this cruel kind of enjoyment, at a diſtance they ſaw their tutor approaching. This put them into ſome flurry, and each pocketed a bird. They would have avoided their tutor, but he called to them, and aſked their reaſon for wiſhing to ſhun him. They approached him very ſlowly, with their eyes caſt downwards, which convinced him that ſomething amiſs was going forwards.

On their anſwering that they were only playing, their tutor obſerved to them, that they very well knew he never denied them innocent amuſement, but on the contrary was always glad to ſee them chearful and happy. He took notice that each held one of their hands in their pocket, upon which he inſiſted on their pulling them out, and letting him ſee what it was they endeavoured to conceal.

They were obliged to comply, much againſt their will, when each produced a poor bird that had been ſtripped of its feathers. The tutor was filled with pity and indignation, and gave each of them

them a look, that was more dreadful than any words he could have ſpoken. After ſome ſilence, Billy attempted to juſtify himſelf by ſaying, that it was a droll ſight to ſee ſparrows hopping about without feathers, and he could ſee no harm in it.

"Can you then, (ſaid the tutor to Billy) take pleaſure in ſeeing innocent creatures ſuffer, and hear their cries without pity?" Billy ſaid, he did not ſee how they could ſuffer from having a few feathers pulled off. The tutor, to convince him of his error, pulled a few hairs from his head, when he roared out loudly, that he hurt him. "What would your pain be then, (ſaid the tutor) were I thus to pluck all the hair off your head? You are ſenſible of the pain you now feel, but you was inſenſible of the torment to which you put thoſe innocent creatures that never offended you. But that you, ladies, ſhould join in ſuch an act of cruelty, very much ſurpriſes me!"

The ladies ſtood motionleſs, and then, without being able to ſay a word, ſat down with their eyes ſwimming in tears; which their tutor obſerving, he ſaid no more to them. But Billy ſtill perſiſted in his opinion that he did the birds no harm;

harm; on the contrary, he ſaid, they ſhewed their pleaſure by clapping their wings and chirping.

"They clapped their wings (ſaid the tutor) from the pain you put them to; and what you call ſinging, were cries and lamentations. Could thoſe birds have expreſſed themſelves in your ſpeech, you would have heard them cry, Ah, father and mother, ſave us, for we have fallen into the hands of cruel children, who have robbed us of all our feathers! We are cold and in pain. Come warm us and cure us, or we ſhall ſoon die!"

The little ladies could no longer refrain from tears, and accuſed Billy of leading them into this act of cruelty. Billy was himſelf become ſenſible of his faults, and had already felt the ſmart of having a few hairs plucked from his head; but the reproaches of his own heart were now viſible on his countenance. It appeared to the tutor, that there was no need of carrying the puniſhment any further; for the error Billy had committed did not ariſe from a natural love of cruelty, but merely from want of thought and reflection. From this moment Billy, inſtead of puniſhing,

niſhing and tormenting dumb creatures, always felt for their diſtreſſes, and did what he could to relieve them.

WILLIAM AND THOMAS; OR, THE CONTRAST BETWEEN INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.

IN a village at a ſmall diſtance from the metropolis, lived a wealthy huſbandman, who had two ſons, William and Thomas, of whom the former was exactly a year older than the latter.

On the day that the ſecond ſon was born, the huſbandman ſet in his orchard two young apple-trees of an equal ſize, on which he beſtowed the ſame care in cultivating, and they throve ſo

much alike, that it was a difficult matter to ſay which claimed the preference.

As ſoon as the children were capable of uſing garden implements, their father took them, on a fine day early in the ſpring, to ſee the two plants he had reared for them, and called after their names. William and Thomas having much admired the beauty of theſe trees, now filled with bloſſoms, their father told them, that he made them a preſent of them in good condition, and that they would continue to thrive or decay, in proportion to the labour or neglect they received.

Thomas, though the younger ſon, turned all his attention to the improvement of his tree, by clearing it of inſects as ſoon as he diſcovered them, and propping up the ſtem that it might grow perfectly upright. He dug all round it, to looſen the earth, that the root might receive nouriſhment from the warmth of the ſun, and the moiſture of the dews. No mother could nurſe her child more tenderly in its infancy, than Thomas did his tree.

His brother William, however, purſued a very different conduct; for he loitered away all his time in the moſt idle and miſchievous manner, one of his principal amuſements being to throw ſtones at people as they paſſed. He kept company with

with all the idle boys in the neighbourhood, with whom he was continually fighting, and was ſeldom without either a black eye or a broken ſhin. His poor tree was neglected, and never thought of, till one day in the autumn, when by chance, ſeeing his brother's tree loaded with the fineſt apples, and almoſt ready to break down with the weight, he ran to his own tree, not doubting but he ſhould find it in the ſame pleaſing condition.

Great indeed was his diſappointment and ſurpriſe, when, inſtead of finding the tree loaded with excellent fruit, he beheld nothing but a few withered leaves, and branches covered with moſs. He inſtantly went to his father, and complained of his partiality in giving him a tree that was worthleſs and barren, while his brother's produced the moſt luxuriant fruit. He therefore thought, that his brother ſhould, at leaſt, give him one-half of his apples.

His father told him, that it was by no means reaſonable, that the induſtrious ſhould give up part of their labour to feed the idle. "If your tree, (ſaid he) has produced you nothing, it is but a juſt reward of your indolence, ſince you ſee what the induſtry of your brother has gained him. Your tree was equally full of bloſſoms, and grew

in the ſame ſoil; but you paid no attention to the culture of it. Your brother ſuffered no viſible inſect to remain on his tree; but you neglected that caution, and left them even to eat up the very buds. As I cannot bear to ſee even plants periſh through neglect, I muſt now take this tree from you, and give it to your brother, whoſe care and attention may poſſibly reſtore it to its former vigour. The fruit it ſhall produce muſt be his property, and you muſt no longer conſider yourſelf as having any right therein. However, you may go to my nurſery, and there chooſe any other, which you may like better, and try what you can do with it; but if you neglect to take proper care of it, I ſhall alſo take that from you, and give it to your brother, as a reward for his ſuperior induſtry and attention."

This had the deſired effect on William, who clearly perceived the juſtice and propriety of his father's reaſoning, and inſtantly got into the nurſery to chooſe the moſt thriving apple-tree he could there meet with. His brother Thomas aſſiſted him in the culture of his tree, adviſing him in what manner to proceed; and William made the beſt uſe of his time, and the inſtructions he received from his brother. He left off all his miſchievous

chievous tricks, forſook the company of idle boys, applied himſelf chearfully to work, and in autumn received the reward of his labour, his tree being then loaded with fruit.

From this happy change in his conduct he derived the advantage, not only of enriching himſelf with a plentiful crop of fruit, but alſo of getting rid of bad and pernicious habits. His father was ſo perfectly ſatisfied with his reformation, that the following ſeaſon he gave him and his brother the produce of a ſmall orchard, which they ſhared equally between them.

MISCHIEF ITS OWN PUNISHMENT. EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF WILLIAM AND HARRY.

MR. Stevenſon and his little ſon Richard, as they were one fine day walking in the fields together, paſſed by the ſide of a garden, in which they ſaw a beautiful pear-tree loaded with fruit. Richard caſt a longing eye at it, and complained to his papa that he was very dry. On Mr. Stevenſon's

venſon's ſaying, that he was dry alſo, but they muſt bear it with patience till they got home, Richard pointed to the pear-tree, and begged his papa would let him go and get one; for, as the hedge was not very thick, he ſaid he could eaſily get through, without being ſeen by any one.

Richard's father reminded him, that the garden and fruit were private property, and to take any thing from thence without permiſſion was nothing leſs than being guilty of a robbery. He allowed, that there might be a poſſibility of getting into the garden without being ſeen by the owner of it; but ſuch a wicked action could not be concealed from him, who ſees every action of our lives, and who penetrates even into the very ſecrets of our hearts; and that is God.

His ſon ſhook his head, and ſaid, he was ſenſible of his error, and would no more think of committing what might be called a robbery. He recollected, that parſon Jackſon had told him the ſame thing before, but he had then forgotten it.

At this inſtant a man ſtarted up from behind the hedge, which had before concealed him from their ſight. This was an old man, the owner of the

the garden, who had heard every thing that had paſſed between Mr. Stevenſon and his ſon. "Be thankful to God, my child, (ſaid the old man) that your father prevented your getting into my garden with a view to deprive me of that which does not belong to you. You little thought, that at the foot of each tree is placed a trap to catch thieves, which you could not have eſcaped, and which might have lamed you for the reſt of your life. I am, however, happy to find, that you ſo readily liſtened to the firſt admonition of your father, and ſhewed ſuch a fear of offending God. As you have behaved in ſo juſt and ſenſible a manner, you ſhall now, without any danger or trouble, partake of the fruit of my garden." He then went to the fineſt pear-tree, gave it a ſhake, and brought down near a hatful of fruit, which he immediately gave to Richard.

This civil old man could not be prevailed on to accept of any thing in return, though Mr. Stevenſon pulled out his purſe for that purpoſe. "I am ſufficiently ſatisfied, Sir, (ſaid he) in thus obliging your ſon, and were I to except of any thing, that ſatisfaction would be loſt." Mr. Stevenſon thanked him very kindly, and, having ſhaken hands

hands over the hedge, they parted, Richard at the ſame time taking leave of the old man in a polite manner.

Little Richard, having finiſhed ſeveral of the pears, began to find himſelf at leiſure to talk to his papa. "This is a very good old man, (ſaid he) but would God have puniſhed me, had I taken theſe pears without his leave?" "He certainly would, (replied Mr. Stevenſon) for he never fails to reward good actions, and chaſtiſe thoſe who commit evil. The good old man fully explained to you this matter, in telling you of the traps laid for thieves, into which you muſt have inevitably fallen, had you entered his garden in a clandeſtine manner. God orders every thing that paſſes upon earth, and directs events ſo as to reward good people for virtuous actions, and to puniſh the wicked for their crimes. In order to make this more clear to you, I will relate to you an affair which happened when I was a boy, and which I ſhall never forget." Richard ſeemed very attentive to his father, and having ſaid he ſhould be very glad to hear his ſtory, Mr. Stevenſon thus proceeded:

"When I lived with my father, and was much about your age, we had two neighbours, between whoſe

whoſe houſes ours was ſituated, and their names were Davis and Johnſon. Mr. Davis had a ſon named William, and Mr. Johnſon one alſo of the name of Harry. Our gardens were at that time ſeparated only by quickſet hedges, ſo that it was eaſy to ſee into each other's grounds.

"It was too often the practice with William, when he found himſelf alone in his father's garden, to take pleaſure in throwing ſtones over the hedges, without paying the leaſt regard to the miſchief they might do. Mr. Davis had frequently caught him at this dangerous ſport, and never failed ſeverely to reprimand him for it, threatening him with ſevere puniſhment if he did not deſiſt.

"This child, unhappily, either knew not, or would not take the trouble to reflect, that we are not to do amiſs, even when we are alone, for reaſons I have already mentioned to you. His father being one day gone out, and therefore thinking that nobody could ſee him, or bring him to puniſhment, he filled his pockets with ſtones, and then began to fling them about at random.

"Mr. Johnſon happened to be in his garden at the ſame time, and his ſon Harry with him. This boy was of much the ſame diſpoſition as William,

William, thinking there was no crime in committing any miſchief, provided he were not diſcovered. His father had a gun charged, which he brought into the garden, in order to ſhoot the ſparrows that made ſad havock among his cherries, and was ſitting in a ſummer-houſe to watch them.

"At this inſtant, a ſervant came to acquaint him, that a ſtrange gentleman deſired to ſpeak with him, and was waiting in the parlour. He therefore put down the gun in the ſummer-houſe, and ſtrictly ordered Harry by no means to touch it; but he was no ſooner gone, than his naughty ſon ſaid to himſelf, that he could ſee no harm in playing a little with the gun, and therefore took it up, put it on his ſhoulder, and endeavoured to act the part of a ſoldier.

"The muzzle of the gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Davis's garden, and juſt as he was in the midſt of his military exerciſes, a ſtone throne by William hit him directly in one of his eyes. The fright and pain together made Harry drop the gun, which went off, and in a moment both gardens reſounded with the moſt diſmal ſhrieks and lamentations. Harry had received

ceived a blow in the eye with a ſtone, and the whole charge had entered William's leg. The ſad conſequences of which were, the one loſt his eye, and the other a leg."

Richard could not help pitying poor William and Harry for their terrible misfortune; and Mr. Stevenſon was not angry with his ſon for his tenderneſs. "It is true, (ſaid he) they were much to be pitied, and their parents ſtill more, for having ſuch vicious and diſobedient children. Yet it is probable, if God had not early puniſhed theſe boys, they would have continued their miſchievous practices as often as they ſhould find themſelves alone; but by theſe misfortunes they learned to know, that God publicly puniſhes all wickedneſs done in ſecret. This had the deſired effect, as both ever after left off all kinds of miſchief, and became prudent and ſedate. Certain it is, that an all-wiſe Creator never chaſtiſes us but with a view to add to our happineſs."

Richard was very much ſtruck with this ſtory, and ſaid he hoped he ſhould never loſe either a leg or an eye by ſuch imprudent conduct. This intereſting converſation was interrupted by their arrival at their own houſe, when Richard haſtened

to find his brothers and ſiſters, to tell them the adventures of his walk, and the hiſtory of William and Harry.

ANTONY AND AUGUSTUS; OR, A RATIONAL EDUCATION PREFERABLE TO RICHES.

A VERY early friendſhip commenced between Antony and Auguſtus, who were nearly of an age, and as they were neighbours, they were almoſt inſeparable companions. The father of Antony, whoſe name was Lenox, poſſeſſed a very lucrative employment under government, and was beſides poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune; but Mr.

Mr. Littleton, the father of Auguſtus, was not in ſuch affluent circumſtances, though he lived contentedly, and turned all his thoughts to the welfare and happineſs of his ſon, in giving him a well-grounded education, which he thought might prove of more advantage to him than riches, or, at leaſt, might amply ſupply the place of them.

As ſoon as Auguſtus was nine years of age, he was accuſtomed to bodily exerciſe, and his mind inured to ſtudy, which at once contributed to improve his health, ſtrength, and underſtanding. Being thus uſed to exerciſe and motion, he was healthy and robuſt; and being contented and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a tranquil chearfulneſs, which much influenced thoſe who enjoyed his company.

Antony was one of his happy companions, who was always at a loſs for amuſement when Auguſtus was abſent; and in that caſe, in order to fill up his time, he was continually eating without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and ſlumbering without being ſleepy. This naturally brought on a weak habit of body, and frequent head-achs.

Both parents ardently wiſhed to ſee their children healthy and happy; but Mr. Lenox unfortunately purſued that object in a wrong channel, by bringing up his ſon, even from his cradle, in the moſt exceſſive delicacy. He was not ſuffered to lift himſelf a chair, whenever he had a mind to change his ſeat, but a ſervant was called for that purpoſe. He was dreſſed and undreſſed by other people, and even the cutting of his own victuals ſeemed a pain to him.

While Auguſtus, in a thin linen jacket, aſſiſted his father to cultivate a ſmall garden for their amuſement, Antony, in a rich velvet coat, was lolling in a coach, and paying morning viſits with his mamma. If he went abroad to enjoy the air, and got out of the carriage but for a minute, his great coat was put on, and a handkerchief tied round his neck, to prevent his catching cold. Thus accuſtomed to be humoured to exceſs, he wiſhed for every thing he ſaw or could think of; but his wiſh was no ſooner obtained, than he became tired of it, and was conſtantly unhappy in the purſuit of new objects.

As the ſervants had ſtrict orders to obey him with implicit ſubmiſſion, he became ſo whimſical and

and imperious, that he was hated and deſpiſed by every one in the houſe, excepting his parents. Auguſtus was his only companion who loved him, and it was upon that account he patiently put up with his humours. He was ſo perfectly maſter of his temper, that he would at times make him as good humoured as himſelf.

Mr. Lenox would ſometimes aſk Auguſtus, how he contrived to be always ſo merry; to which he one day anſwered, that his father had told him, that no perſon could be perfectly happy, unleſs they mixed ſome kind of employment with their pleaſures. "I have frequently obſerved, (continued Auguſtus) that the moſt tedious and dull days I experience are thoſe, in which I do no kind of work. It is properly blending exerciſe with amuſement that keeps me in ſuch good health and ſpirits. I fear neither the winds nor the rain, neither the heat of ſummer nor the cold of winter, and I have frequently dug up a whole plat in my garden before Antony has quitted his pillow in the morning."

Mr. Lenox felt the propriety of ſuch conduct, and a ſigh unavoidably eſcaped him. He then went to conſult Mr. Littleton in what manner he

ſhould act, in order to make Antony as hearty and robuſt as Auguſtus. Mr. Littleton informed him in what manner he treated his ſon. "The powers of the body and the mind (ſaid he) ſhould be equally kept in exerciſe, unleſs we mean them to be unſerviceable, as money buried in the ground would be to its owner. Nothing can be more injurious to the health and happineſs of children, than uſing them to exceſs of delicacy, and, under the idea of pleaſing them, to indulge them in their whimſical and obſtinate humours. The perſon who has been accuſtomed from his childhood to have his flattered, will be expoſed to many vexatious diſappointments. He will ſigh after thoſe things, the want or poſſeſſion of which will equally make him miſerable. I have, however, every reaſon to believe, that Auguſtus will never be that man."

Mr. Lenox ſaw the truth of thoſe arguments, and determined to adopt the ſame plan for the treatment of his ſon. But it was now too late, for Antony was fourteen years of age, and his mind and body ſo much enervated, that he could not bear the leaſt fatiguing exertions. His mother, who was as weak as himſelf, begged of her huſband

huſband not to teaze their darling, and he was at laſt obliged to give way to her importunities, when Antony again ſunk into his former deſtructive effeminacy. The ſtrength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance.

As ſoon as Antony had entered his ſeventeenth year, his parents ſent him to the univerſity, intending to bring him up to the ſtudy of the law; and Auguſtus being intended for the ſame profeſſion, he accompanied him thither. Auguſtus, in his different ſtudies and purſuits, had never had any other inſtructor than his father; while Antony had as many maſters as there are different ſciences, from whom he learned only a ſuperficial education, by retaining little more than the terms uſed in the different branches he had ſtudied. Auguſtus, on the contrary, was like a garden, whoſe airy ſituation admits the rays of the ſun to every part of it, and in which every ſeed, by a proper cultivation, advances rapidly to perfection. Already well inſtructed, he ſtill thirſted after further knowledge, and his diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to all his companions. The mildneſs of his temper,

temper, and his vivacity and ſprightly humour, made his company at all times deſirable; he was univerſally beloved, and every one was his friend.

Antony was at firſt happy on being in the ſame room with Auguſtus; but his pride was ſoon hurt on ſeeing the preference that was given by every one to his friend, and he could not think of any longer ſubmitting to ſo mortifying a diſtinction. He therefore found ſome frivolous excuſe, and forſook the company of Auguſtus.

Antony, having now nobody to adviſe or check him, gave looſe to his vitiated taſte, and wandered from pleaſure to pleaſure in ſearch of happineſs. It will be to little purpoſe to ſay, how often he bluſhed at his own conduct; but being hardened by a repetition of his follies, he gradually fell into the groſſeſt irregularities. To be ſhort, he at laſt returned home with the ſeeds of a mortal diſtemper in his boſom, and after languiſhing a few months, expired in the greateſt agonies.

Some time after, Auguſtus returned home to his parents, poſſeſſed of an equal ſtock of learning and prudence, his departure from the univerſity

ſity being regretted both by his teachers and companions. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed, that his family received him with tranſports of joy. You know not, my little readers, how pleaſing are thoſe tender parental feelings which ariſe from the proſpect of ſeeing their children beloved and reſpected! His parents thought themſelves the happieſt of people, and tears of joy filled their eyes when they beheld him.

Auguſtus had not been long at home, before a conſiderable employment in his profeſſion was conferred on him, with the unanimous approbation of all who were acquainted with his character. This enabled him to gratify his generous deſire of promoting the felicity of his friends, and a ſenſe of their happineſs added to his own. He was the comfort of his parents in the evening of their lives, and with intereſt repaid their attention and care of him in his childhood. An amiable wife, equally endued with ſenſe, virtue, and beauty, who bore him children like himſelf, completed his happineſs.

In the characters of Antony and Auguſtus, we ſee the fatal conſequences of giving way to folly and vice, and what a happy effect the contrary conduct

conduct has. Antony fell a victim to the misguided indulgence of his parents, while Augustus lived to be happy by the prudent management he received in his infancy.

THE DESTRUCTIVE CONSEQUENCES OF DISSIPATION AND LUXURY.

ON a fine evening, in the midſt of ſummer, Mr. Drake and his ſon Albert took a walk in ſome of the moſt agreeable environs of the city. The ſky was clear, the air cool, and the purling ſtreams, and gentle zephyrs ruſtling in the trees, lulled the mind into an agreeable gloom. Albert, enchanted with the natural beauties that ſurrounded him, could not held exclaiming, "What a lovely

lovely evening!" He preſſed his father's hand, and looking up to him, ſaid, "You know not, papa, what thoughts riſe in my heart!" He was ſilent for a moment, and then looking towards heaven, his eyes moiſtened with tears, "I thank God (ſaid he) for the happy moments he now permits me to enjoy! Had I my wiſh, every one ſhould taſte the beauties of this evening as I do. Were I king of a large country, I would make my ſubjects perfectly happy."

Mr. Drake embraced his ſon, and told him, that the benevolent wiſh he had juſt uttered came from a heart as generous as it was humane. "But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Are you certain, that in an exalted ſtation you ſhould preſerve the ſentiments, which now animate you in that middling ſtate, in which it has pleaſed heaven to place you?"

Albert was a little ſurpriſed that his father ſhould aſk ſuch a queſtion; for he had no idea that riches could bring with them cruelty and wickedneſs.

Mr. Drake told him, that indeed was not always the caſe. "The world has produced fortunate perſons, (ſaid he) who have remembered their paſt diſtreſſes, and have always retained the

moſt

moſt charitable ideas for the unfortunate; but we too often ſee, what is a diſgrace to the human heart, that a change of fortune alters the moſt tender and ſympathetic affections. While we ourſelves labour under misfortunes, we look upon it as a duty incumbent on every man to aſſiſt us. Should the hand of God relieve us, we then think that all his intentions in the preſervation of the world are anſwered, and to often ceaſe too remember thoſe unfortunate wretches, who remain in the gulph from which we have been reſcued. You may ſee an inſtance of this in the man, who frequently comes to beg charity of me, whom I relieve with reluctance, and cannot but cenſure myſelf for ſo doing."

Albert told his father that he had frequently obſerved how coolly he put money into his hands, without ſpeaking to him in that tender language, which he generally uſed to other poor people. He therefore begged his father would tell him what could be his reaſon for it.

"I will tell you, my dear, (ſaid Mr. Drake) what has been his conduct, and then leave you to judge how far I do right. Mr. Maſon was a linen-draper in Cheapſide; and, though the profits of his buſineſs were but moderate, yet a poor

perſon never aſked his charity in vain. This he viewed as his moſt pleaſing extravagance, and he conſidered himſelf happy in the enjoyment of it, though he could not purſue this indulgence to the extent of his wiſhes. Buſineſs one day calling him on 'Change, he heard a number of capital merchants talking together of vaſt cargoes, and the immenſe profits to be expected from them. 'Ah! (ſaid he to himſelf) how happy theſe people are! Were I as rich, heaven knows, I ſhould not make money my idol, for the poor ſhould plentifully partake of my abundance.'

"This man went home with a boſom full of ambitious thoughts; but his circumſtances were too narrow to embrace his vaſt projects, as it required no ſmall ſhare of prudence in the management of his affairs, to make every thing meet at the end of the year. 'Ah! (cried he) I ſhall never get forward, nor riſe above the middling condition, in which I at preſent linger.'

"In the midſt of theſe gloomy thoughts, a paper, inviting adventurers to purchaſe ſhares in the lottery was put into his hand. He ſeemed as if inſpired by Fortune, and caught the idea immediately. Without conſidering the inconvenience to which his covetouſneſs might reduce

him,

him, he haſtened to the lottery office, and there laid out four guineas. From this moment, he waited with impatience for the drawing, nor could he find repoſe even at night on his pillow. He ſometimes repented of having ſo fooliſhly hazarded what he could not well bear the loſs of, and at other times he fancied he ſaw riches pouring in upon him from all quarters. At laſt the drawing began, and, in the midſt of his hopes and fears, Fortune favoured him with a prize of five thouſand pounds.

"Having received his money, he thought of nothing elſe for ſeveral days; but when his imagination had cooled a little, he began to think what uſe he ſhould make of it. He therefore encreaſed his ſtock, extended his buſineſs, and by care and aſſiduity in trade ſoon doubled his capital. In leſs than ten years, he became one of the moſt conſiderable men in the city, and hitherto he had punctually kept his promiſe, in being the friend and patron of the poor; for the ſight of an unfortunate perſon always put him in mind of his former condition, and pleaded powerfully in behalf of the diſtreſſed.

"As he now frequented gay company, he by degrees began to contract a habit of luxury and

diſſipation; he purchaſed a ſplendid country-houſe with elegant gardens, and his life became a ſcene of uninterrupted pleaſures and amuſements. All this extravagance, however, ſoon convinced him, that he was conſiderably reducing his fortune; and his trade, which he had given up, to be the more at leiſure for the enjoyment of his pleaſures, no longer enabled him to repair it. Beſides, having been ſo long accuſtomed to put no reſtraint on his vanity and pride, he could not ſubmit to the meanneſs of leſſening his expences. 'I ſhall always have enough for myſelf (thought he) and let others take care of themſelves.'

"As his fortune decreaſed, ſo did his feelings for the diſtreſſed, and his heart grew callous to the cries of miſery, as with indifference we hear the roaring tempeſt when ſheltered from its fury. Friends, whom he had till then ſupported, came as uſual to implore his bounty; but he received them roughly, and forbid them his houſe. 'Am I, (ſaid he) to ſquander my fortune upon you? Do as I have done, and get one for yourſelves.'

"His poor unhappy mother, from whom he had taken half the penſion he uſed to allow her, came to beg a corner in any part of his houſe, where ſhe might finiſh her few remaining days; but he

was

was ſo cruel as to refuſe her requeſt, and with the utmoſt indifference ſaw her periſh for want. The meaſure of his crimes, however, was now nearly filled. His wealth was all ſoon exhauſted in debaucheries and other exceſſes, and he had neither the inclination nor ability to return to trade. Miſery ſoon overtook him, and brought him to that ſtate, in which you now ſee him. He begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and deteſtation to all honeſt people, and a juſt example of the indignation of the Almighty."

Albert told his father, that if fortune made men ſo wicked and miſerable, he wiſhed to remain as he was, above pity, and ſecure from contempt.

"Think often, my dear child, (ſaid his father to him) of this ſtory, and learn from this example, that no true happineſs can be enjoyed, unleſs we feel for the misfortunes of others. It is the rich man's duty to relieve the diſtreſſes of the poor, and in this more ſolid pleaſure is found than can be expected from the enervating exceſſes of luxury and pomp."

The ſun was now ſinking beneath the horizon, and his parting beams reflected a lively glow upon the clouds, which ſeemed to form a purple curtain

round his bed. The air, freſhened by the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm; and the feathered inhabitants of the grove ſung their farewel ſong. The wind ruſtling among the trees added a gentle murmur to the concert, and every thing ſeemed to inſpire joy and happineſs, while Albert and his father returned to their houſe with thoughtful and penſive ſteps.

WILLIAM AND AMELIA.

IN a pleaſant village, at ſome diſtance from the metropolis, lived Lord and Lady Ruſſel, who had brought up an orphan named William, from his infancy, and had a ſtranger to the family ſeen in what a tender manner he was treated, he would have ſuppoſed him to be their ſon. This amiable couple had only one child living, a daughter, named Amelia, who was nearly of the ſame age with William, and the lady was pleaſed to ſee that the

the two children had ſomething beyond a common attachment for each other.

William and Amelia were one fine ſummer morning ſauntering in the orchard with their little friend Charlotte, whoſe parents lived in the neighbourhood. Of theſe two little miſſes, Amelia was the youngeſt, and not quite eight years of age. They were walking arm in arm, and humming over a pretty ſong, then faſhionable in the village collection of ballads. At the ſame time William was walking before them, at ſome little diſtance, amuſing himſelf with a ſhepherd's pipe.

While Amelia and Charlotte were thus rambling about, they caſt their eyes on ſome beautiful apples that hung on a fine tree, from which all the fruit had been ſuppoſed to be gathered; but the branches had hidden ſome from view, and in courſe had eſçaped the notice of the gatherers. The beautiful vermillion, with which theſe apples were tinged, and which the leaves could not entirely hide, ſeemingly invited the hand to come and take them. William inſtantly climbed the tree they were admiring, and threw down as many apples as he could reach, while the ladies below held their aprons to catch them as they fell.

Chance

Chance ſo directed it, that two or three, which were conſidered as the fineſt, fell into the apron of Charlotte, who was much pleaſed with this accidental diſtribution, as ſhe might with reaſon have been, had a premeditated preference been the cauſe of it, for William was in reality the politeſt and prettieſt little fellow in the village.

Charlotte, with joy and triumph in her eyes, thus addreſſed herſelf to Amelia: "Only ſee how fine and large my apples are, while yours are nothing to compare to them!" Amelia was very much diſpleaſed with theſe words, ſhe hung down her head, and putting on a ſerious countenance, remained ſilent during the remainder of the walk. William, by an hundred aſſiduities, endeavoured to recover Amelia's chearfulneſs, again to ſpread a ſmile on her clouded countenance, and make her renew her uſual pleaſing prattle.

As ſoon as they arrived near home, Charlotte took her leave. Little William then addreſſed his ſiſter, for by that tender name he always called her, and aſked her why ſhe ſeemed ſo angry with him. Certainly, (ſaid he) you cannot be angry at Charlotte having her ſhare of the apples. You very well know that I always loved you beſt, and therefore endeavoured to throw into your apron

apron thoſe apples, which, by chance, fell into Charlotte's. You muſt be ſenſible, that I could not afterwards take them from her. Beſides I thought you of too generous a diſpoſition to take notice of ſuch trifles. Be aſſured, the firſt opportunity that ſhall offer, I will give you a convincing proof that I had no deſign to vex you, whatever you may at preſent think of my intentions."

"Very pretty, indeed, Mr. William! (replied Amelia, with a look of uneaſineſs and diſdain.) Pray who told you that I was vexed? Suppoſe Miſs Charlotte's apples had been ten times finer than mine, would that be any conſideration to me? You very well know, Sir, that I am no glutton; neither ſhould I have taken any notice of the preference you ſhewed her, had it not been for that ſaucy little creature's looks. I never wiſh to ſee her more; and as for you, fall down on your knees this inſtant, or I never will forgive you while I live."

Little William could not think of ſubmitting to ſuch an indignity, as that would be confeſſing a fault of which he was not guilty, and therefore now ſtood more upright than before. "I am no ſtory-teller, Miſs Amelia, (ſaid he) and there-

fore

fore it is very wrong in you not to believe what I ſo poſitively affirm, for I certainly had no deſign to vex you."

"Very wrong in me, Sir! (replied Amelia.) That is pretty indeed! But you need not thus affront me, becauſe Miſs Charlotte is your favourite!" So ſaying, and beſtowing a contemptuous curtſey on him, ſhe left him with an affected air of ſcorn and contempt.

Dinner being now ready, they ſat down at table, but pouted at each other all the time it laſted. Amelia would not once drink, in order to avoid ſaying, "Your good health, William." And William on his part, was ſo vexed at her treatment of him, that he was determined not to give up the point. Amelia, however, could not help ſometimes ſtealing a glance at William, and from a corner of her eye watch all his motions. As it happened, one of theſe ſly glances met the eye of William, who was equally attentive to watch all the motions of Amelia, without wiſhing to be obſerved. Their eyes thus meeting, ſhe inſtantly turned hers away to another object; and as William attributed this to contempt, which in reality it was not, he affected much

much indifference, and continued eating with the moſt apparent compoſure.

As ſoon as the cloth was removed, and the wine and fruit put on the table, poor Amelia, being ſadly out of temper at the indifference ſhe experienced from William, made a diſreſpectful anſwer to a queſtion put to her by her mamma, and, for a ſecond offence of the ſame nature, was ordered to retire from table. She obeyed, and burſting into a flood of tears, inſtantly withdrew, without caring whither ſhe went. However, it ſo happened, that the garden door was open; ſhe therefore flew down the walk, and went into the arbour, in order there in ſecret to give a vent to her grief. Here ſhe cried moſt lamentably; and ſoon repented of her quarrelling with William, who conſtantly, whenever ſhe happened to get into diſgrace with her mamma, would not only weep with her, but endeavour to bring about a reconciliation, which he never failed to accompliſh.

Though William continued at table, he could not help feeling for the diſgrace of Amelia. He had fixed his eye on two peaches, and endeavoured to contrive means of getting them into his pocket in order to convey them to

Amelia, whom he knew he ſhould find ſomewhere in the garden, and he could eaſily make an excuſe to go thither; yet he was fearful of having his intentions diſcovered. He puſhed back his chair, then brought it forwards ſeveral times, and was continually looking down, as if for ſomething on the carpet. "Pretty little Cæſar! ſweet Pompey!" cried he, ſpeaking to two dogs then in the room. At this time, he held a peach in his hand, which he meant to ſlip into his pocket, as ſoon as he could diſcover the eyes of my lord and lady attracted by any other object. "Only ſee, papa and mamma, (continued he) how prettily they are playing!"

His lordſhip replied, that they would not eat one another, he would anſwer for it; and having juſt looked at them, put himſelf into his former poſition. Thus poor William, who thought he was ſure of then pocketing the peach, was ſadly diſappointed, and obliged to replace it on the table.

Theſe motions, however, were obſerved by Lady Ruſſel, who conjectured what were his intentions. She therefore for ſome time enjoyed the poor fellow's embarraſſments, and made his

lordſhip acquainted with it by looks and dumb motions.

William, who had no idea that his ſcheme was ſuſpected, being fearful of trying the ſame ſtratagem twice, inſtantly thought of another expedient. He took a peach, and placed it in the hollow of his hands both put together, after which he conducted it to his mouth, and made believe as though he was really eating it. Then, while with his left hand he found means to clap his peach into a cavity he had previouſly hollowed in the napkin on his knees, he put his right hand out to reach the other, which he diſpoſed of in the ſame manner.

In a few minutes, my lord and lady forgot to watch the motions of William, and entered into converſation on various ſubjects. He therefore thought this a proper opportunity to get away, roſe up from table, with both peaches in the napkin, and began to imitate the mewing of a cat, which a young ſhepherd's boy had lately taught him. His view in this was to engage the attention of Cæſar and Pompey, in which he ſucceeded, as they both got up, and jumped about the room.

Lady

Lady Ruſſel was a little angry with him for making ſuch a mewing as that, the garden was the moſt proper place. William pretended to be very much confuſed at this reproof, though the conſequence of it was the very thing he wanted. He then inſtantly ran up to Cæſar, "See, mamma, (ſaid William) he wants to bite Pompey!" and as he turned, he dextrouſly ſlipped the napkin into his pocket, and pretended to run after Cæſar to puniſh him. The dog ran towards the door Amelia had left open when ſhe went into the garden, and away went William in purſuit of her.

Lady Ruſſel called William back, and aſked him where he was going. "My dear mamma, (ſaid he) if you pleaſe, I will take a turn in the garden, and I hope you will not refuſe me that favour." As Lady Ruſſel did not immediately anſwer him, he lowered his voice, and ſpoke in a more ſuppliant manner. At laſt, having obtained her permiſſion, away he ran with ſo much haſte, that his foot ſlipped, and down he fell; but luckily, neither he nor the peaches were hurt.

After ſearching round the garden for his ſiſter, he at laſt found her in the arbour, ſitting in an attitude of ſorrow. She was exceedingly unhappy to think ſhe had grieved the three beſt friends ſhe had, her worthy parents, and her dear William. "My ſweeteſt Amelia, (ſaid the little fellow, falling on his knees at the ſame time) let us be friends. I would freely aſk forgiveneſs for my fault, had I really intended to diſpleaſe you. If you will aſk my pardon, I will aſk yours alſo. My pretty Amelia, let us be friends. Here are two nice peaches, which I could not think of eating while you were not preſent to partake of them."

"Ah, my deareſt Billy! (ſaid Amelia, ſqueezing his hand while ſhe ſpoke, and weeping on his ſhoulder) what a ſweet good-tempered little fellow you are? Certainly, (continued ſhe ſobbing while ſhe ſpoke) thoſe that are friends to us in our misfortunes are truly valuable. It was very wrong in me to be ſo vexed, as I was this morning, about the loſs of a few apples. It was the inſulting look that Miſs Charlotte gave me that was the cauſe of it; but I will think of her no more. Will you forgive me? (added ſhe) wiping

ing off the tears ſhe had let fall on William's hand) I confeſs that I ſometimes love to plague you; but keep your peaches, for I cannot think of eating them."

"As to plaguing me, ſiſter, (anſwered William) you may do that as often as you like; but, I aſſure you, nobody ſhall do ſo but yourſelf; as to the peaches, I moſt certainly will not eat them. I have already told you ſo, and my word is like the law of the Medes and Perſians, which altereth not.

"For the very ſame reaſon, (ſaid Amelia) I ſhall not eat them," and immediately threw them both over the garden wall; for, beſides her having ſaid ſhe would not eat them, ſhe could not bear the thought of receiving a bribe to reconcile a quarrel. Amelia's next conſideration was how to make it up with her mamma, and ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould be happy indeed, if ſhe would but permit her to appear before her, and aſk her pardon.

The generous little William no ſooner heard theſe words, than he promiſed to ſettle that buſineſs, and away he inſtantly ran; but before he had taken many ſteps, he ſtopped ſhort, and turning round, ſaid, "I will tell mamma, that it was I

who made you anger her, by having vexed you in the morning."

Little William ſucceeded beyond his expectations, and all parties were ſoon reconciled to each other. A friendſhip ſo affectionate and generous is highly worthy of the imitation of all my juvenile readers.

THE RIVAL DOGS.

A Gentleman, whoſe name was Howard, had brought up two pretty dogs from puppies. The one he called Caſtor, and the other Pollux hoping they would live in ſuch friendſhip together, as did the two illuſtrious heroes, after whom they were named. Though they both came from the ſame mother, and at the ſame time; had been both fed together, and equally treated; yet it was

ſoon ſeen, that there was a great difference in their tempers and diſpoſitions.

Caſtor was of a meek and tractable nature; but Pollux was fierce and quarrelſome. When any perſon took notice of the generous Caſtor, he would wag his tail, and jump about for joy, nor was he ever jealous on ſeeing more notice taken of his brother than of himſelf. The ſurly Pollux, on the contrary, whenever Mr. Howard had him on his lap, would growl and grumble at Caſtor, if he attempted to come near him, or if any one took notice of him.

When any of Mr. Howard's friends happened to come on a viſit to his houſe, and bring their dogs along with them, the good-natured Caſtor would immediately mix among them, and in his way endeavour to amuſe them. As he was by nature extremely pliant and engaging, they were all peace and harmony whenever it fell to his lot to entertain them. They would jump and play about the houſe, as boys do in ſchool when they are left to themſelves.

The ſurly Pollux acted a very different part. He would ſneak into a corner, and bark all day at the ſtrangers. If any of them happened to paſs too near him, he would then be ſure to ſnarl

and

and grin, and would often ſtart up, and bite their ears or tails. If his maſter happened to take any notice of either of the ſtrange dogs, on account of their good-nature or handſomeneſs, Pollux would howl as loud as if thieves were actually breaking into the houſe.

This odious diſpoſition of Pollux did not eſcape the notice of Mr. Howard, who gradually began to neglect him; while Caſtor, on the contrary, was every day increaſing in his maſter's favour.

As Mr. Howard was one day ſitting at table, it ſuddenly entered his mind to make a more particular trial of the temper of theſe two dogs than he had hitherto done. Both happened to be attending at table, but Pollux was neareſt his maſter; for the good-natured Caſtor, in order to avoid ſtrife and contention, always let him chooſe his place.

Mr. Howard threw a nice piece of meat to Pollux, which he devoured with much greedineſs. Caſtor ſhewed no ſigns of uneaſineſs at this, but patiently waited till his maſter ſhould think it was his turn. Soon afterwards, Mr. Howard threw Caſtor a bone with hardly any meat on it; but he took it without ſhewing the leaſt mark of diſcontent. The ſurly Pollux, however, no ſooner ſaw

his

his brother engaged on his meatleſs bone, though he had feaſted on his own delicious morſel, than he fell upon him, and took it from him. The good-natured Caſtor made no oppoſition, but gave up the bone without a murmur.

My readers muſt not from hence imagine, that Caſtor was a coward, or was in the leaſt afraid of the ſtrength of his brother; for he had lately given ſufficient proof of his courage and reſolution, in a battle he had been drawn into by Pollux, whoſe intolerable moroſeneſs had brought on him the vengeance of a neighbouring dog. Pollux, after engaging his antagoniſt only a few minutes, though he had provoked the dog to try his ſtrength, ran away like a coward; but Caſtor, in order to cover the retreat of his brother, and without any one to take his part, fought him like a hero, and at laſt forced him to run away likewiſe.

Mr. Howard was well acquainted with this circumſtance, and as he had before eſtabliſhed his credit in point of courage, ſo was his maſter now fully convinced of his good temper, and the ſurly and cowardly diſpoſition of his brother. "My good fellow, (ſaid Mr. Howard to Caſtor) it is but juſt, that you ſhould at leaſt fare as well

as

as your brother, who does not deſerve ſo much as you." So ſaying, he cut off a large piece of nice meat, and gave it to Caſtor.

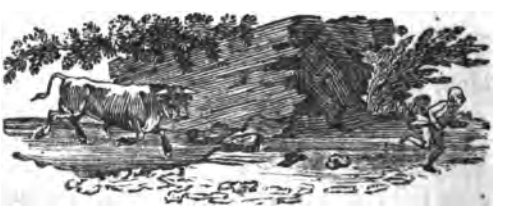
Pollux, ſeeing ſo nice a morſel given to his brother, accompanied with ſuch cutting words from his maſter, began to growl and ſnarl. "Since you have ſhewn ſo much complaiſance and generoſity to your brother, (continued Mr. Howard, ſtill ſpeaking to Caſtor) who in return treats you with ill-manners, jealouſy, and envy, you ſhall in future be my own dog, and be at liberty to range about the houſe at your pleaſure; but your brother ſhall be confined in the yard. Here, (cried he) bring a chain for Pollux, and order the carpenter to make him a little houſe!" The order was inſtantly obeyed, and Pollux was led to his kennel, while his brother rambled about at liberty.

Had Pollux received ſo ſingular a mark of favour, he would undoubtedly have ſupported it with inſolence; but Caſtor was of a different diſpoſition, and appeared very unhappy at his brother's diſgrace. Whenever any nice bit was given to Caſtor, he would run away with it to Pollux, wag his tail for joy, and invite him to partake of it. In ſhort, he viſited him every night in his houſe,

houſe, and did every thing he could to amuſe him under his ſufferings.

Notwithſtanding all theſe marks of tenderneſs Pollux always received his brother in the moſt ſurly manner, howling as though he were come to devour him, and treating him with every mark of diſreſpect. At length rage and diſappointment inflamed his blood, he pined away by degrees, and at laſt died a miſerable ſpectacle.

The moral of this ſtory is ſo obvious, that there hardly appears a neceſſity to tell my young readers, that ſuch a diſpoſition as Pollux muſt render its poſſeſſor an object of contempt and abhorrence, while that of Caſtor will ever be beloved and reſpected.



CLEOPATRA; OR, THE REFORMED LITTLE TYRANT.

A PERT little huſſey, whoſe name was Cleopatra, was continually teazing and commanding her poor brother. "So, you will not do what I bid you, Mr. Obſtinacy! (ſhe would often ſay to him) Come, come, Sir, obey, or it ſhall be the worſe for you."

If Cleopatra's word might be taken for it, her brother did every thing wrong; but, on the contrary, whatever ſhe thought of doing was the

maſter-piece of reaſon and ſound ſenſe. If he propoſed any kind of diverſion, ſhe was ſure to conſider it as dull and inſipid; but it often happened, that ſhe would herſelf the next day recommend the ſame thing, and having forgotten what ſhe had ſaid of it before, conſider it as the moſt lively and entertaining.

Her brother was obliged to ſubmit to her unaccountable whims and fancies, or elſe endure the moſt diſagreeable lectures a little female tongue could utter. If ever he preſumed to be ſo hardy as to reaſon with her on her ſtrange conduct, inſtant deſtruction to his play-things were the inevitable conſequence of it,

Her parents with regret ſaw this ſtrange and tyrannical diſpoſition of their daughter, and in vain did every thing they could think of to break her of it. Her mother, in particular, continually enforced on her mind, that ſuch children never procured the eſteem of others; and that a girl, who ſet up her own opinion againſt that of every one elſe, would ſoon become intolerable and inſupportable to all her acquaintance. This prudent advice, however, made no impreſſion on her ſtubborn heart; and her brother, wearied out by her caprice and tyranny, began to have very little affec-

tion

tion for her. It one day happened, that a gentleman of a free and open temper dined at their houſe. He could not help obſerving with what a haughty air ſhe treated her poor brother, and, indeed, every other perſon in the room. At firſt the rules of politeneſs kept him from ſaying any thing; but at laſt, tired out with her impertinence, he began addreſſing his diſcourſe to her mamma, in the following manner:

"I was lately in France, and, as I was fond of being preſent at the ſoldiers exerciſe, I uſed to go, as often as I could, to ſee their manœuvres on the parade, nearly in the ſame manner as they do here at St. James's. Among the ſoldiers there were many I obſerved with whiſkers, which gave them a very fierce and ſoldier-like look. Now, had I a child like your Cleopatra, I would inſtantly give her a ſoldier's uniform, and put her on a pair of whiſkers, when ſhe might, with rather more propriety than at preſent, act the part of a commander."

Cleopatra heard this, and ſtood covered with confuſion! ſhe could not help bluſhing, and was unable to conceal her tears. However, this reproach perfectly reformed her, and ſhe became ſenſible how unbecoming was a tyrannizing tem-

per. It has been obſerved, that to be ſenſible of our errors is half the work of reformation. So it happened with Cleopatra, who with the aſſiſtance of her mother's prudent counſels, became an amiable girl.

Her reformation was a credit to her; and it is much to be wiſhed that all young ladies, who take no pains to conquer their paſſions, would at laſt imitate Cleopatra, and wiſh to avoid being told, that a ſoldier's dreſs and a pair of whiſkers would better become them than nice cambric frocks and ſilk ſlips. Had Cleopatra attended to the advice of her parents, and not have imagined that greatneſs conſiſts in impertinence, ſhe would have been happy much ſooner than ſhe was.

THE PASSIONATE BOY.

YOUNG Frederick had naturally a noble ſoul, elevated thoughts, and generous notions. His turn of mind was lively, his imaginations ſtrong and quick, and his temper chearful and pleaſing. Indeed, the elegance of his perſon, and his behaviour and accompliſhments, gained him the reſpect of every one; but, notwithſtanding all theſe amiable qualities, he had one unhappy defect which was that of giving way too readily to the moſt violent emotions of paſſion,

It would frequently happen, that while he was amuſing himſelf in the circle of his playmates, the moſt trifling contradiction would ruffle his temper, and fill him with the higheſt degree of rage and fury, little ſhort of a ſtate of madneſs.

As he happened to be one day walking about his chamber, and meditating on the neceſſary preparations for a treat his father had permitted him to give his ſiſter, his dear friend and favourite, Marcus, came to him to advice with him on that buſineſs. Frederick, being loſt in thought ſaw not his friend, who therefore, having ſpoken to him in vain, drew nearer to him, and began to pull him by the ſleeve. Frederick, angry and out of patience with theſe interruptions, ſuddenly turned round, and gave Marcus ſuch a puſh, that he ſent him reeling acroſs the room, and he at laſt fell againſt the wainſcot.

Marcus lay motionleſs on the floor, without the leaſt appearance of life; for in his fall, he had ſtruck his head againſt ſomething which had given him a deep and terrible wound, from which iſſued a great quantity of blood. How ſhall we deſcribe the ſituation of poor Frederick, who loved his friend tenderly, and for whom he would, on occaſion, have ſacrificed his life!

Frederick

Frederick fell down beſide him, crying out moſt lamentably, "He is dead! he is dead! I have killed my dear friend Marcus!" So great were his fright and conſternation, that he had no idea of calling for aſſiſtance, but lay by his ſide uttering the moſt diſmal groans. Happily, however, his father heard him, and inſtanly running in, took up Marcus in his arms. He called for ſome ſugar to ſtop the bleeding of the wound, and having applied ſome ſalts to his noſe, and ſome water to his temples, they brought him a little to himſelf.

Frederick was tranſported with joy when he perceived ſymptoms of life in his friend; but the fear of relapſe kept him in the greateſt anxiety. They immediately ſent for a ſurgeon, who as ſoon as he arrived, ſearched the wound. He found it was not in the temple, but ſo very cloſe to it, that the tenth part of an inch nearer would probably have made the wound dangerous indeed, if not mortal.

Marcus being carried home, ſoon became delirious, and Frederick could not be perſuaded to leave him. He ſat down by the ſide of his poor friend, wholely abſorbed in ſilence. Marcus, while he remained in that delirious ſtate, frequently

quently pronounced the name of Frederick. "My dear Frederick, (he would ſometimes ſay) what could I have done to deſerve being treated in this manner? Yet, I am ſure, you cannot be leſs unhappy than myſelf, when you reflect you wounded me without a cauſe. However, I would not wiſh your generous nature ſhould be grieved. Let us forgive each other, I for vexing you, and you for wounding me."

In this manner did Marcus talk, without being ſenſible that Frederick was near him, though he held him by the hand at the ſame time. Every word thus pronounced, in which there could be neither flattery nor deceit, went to the heart of the afflicted Frederick, and rendered his grief almoſt inſupportable.

In ten days time, however, it pleaſed God to abate the fever, and he was enabled to get up, to the great joy of his parents; but how can we expreſs the feelings of Frederick on this happy occaſion! That taſk muſt be left for thoſe who may have unfortunately been in a ſimilar ſituation: his joy now was undoubtedly as great as his ſorrows had been.

Marcus, at laſt, got perfectly well, and Frederick in conſequence recovered his former chearfulneſs

fulneſs and good-humour. He now ſtood in need of no other leſſon; than the ſorrowful event that had lately taken place, to break himſelf of that violence of temper, to which he had been ſo long a ſlave. In a little time, no appearance of the wound remained, excepting a ſmall ſcar near his temple, which Frederick could never look at without ſome emotion, even after they were both grown up to manhood. Indeed, it ever afterwards was conſidered as a ſeal of that friendſhip, which they never loſt ſight of.

CAROLINE, OR A LESSON TO CURE VANITY.

A Plain white frock had hitherto been the only dreſs of Caroline. Silver Buckles in her red Morocco ſhoes; and her ebon hair, which had never felt the torturing iron, flowed upon her ſhoulders in graceful ringlets, now and then diſturbed by the gentle winds.

Being one day in company with ſome little girls, who, though no older than herſelf, were dreſſed in

in all the empty parade of faſhion, the glare and glitter of thoſe fine clothes raiſed in her heart a deſire ſhe had never before felt.

As ſoon as ſhe got home, "My dear mamma, (ſaid ſhe) I have this afternoon ſeen Miſs Flippant and her two ſiſters, whom you very well know, The eldeſt is not older than myſelf, and yet they were all dreſſed in the moſt elegant manner. Their parents muſt certainly have great pleaſure in ſeeing them ſo finely dreſſed; and, as they are not richer than you, do, my dear mamma, let me have a fine ſilk ſlip, embroidered ſhoes like theirs, and let my hair be dreſſed by Mr Frizzle, who is ſaid to be a very capital man in his profeſſion!"

Her mother replied, that ſhe ſhould have no objection to gratify her wiſhes, provided it would add to her happineſs; but ſhe was rather fearful it might have a contrary effect. As Miſs Caroline could not give into this mode of thinking, ſhe requeſted her mamma to explain her reaſons for what ſhe had ſaid.

"Becauſe, (ſaid her mother) you will be in continual fear of ſpotting your ſilk ſlip, and even rumpling it, whenever you wear it. A dreſs like that of Miſs Flippant will require the utmoſt care

and

and attention to preſerve it from accidents; for a ſingle ſpot will ſpoil its beauty, and you very well know there is no waſhing of ſilks. However extenſive my fortune may be, I aſſure you, it is not ſufficient to purchaſe you ſilk gowns ſo often as you would wiſh to have them."

Miſs Caroline conſidered theſe arguments as very trifling, and promiſed to give her mamma no uneaſineſs as to her careleſſneſs in wearing her fine clothes. Though her mamma conſented to let her be dreſſed in the manner ſhe requeſted, yet ſhe deſired her to remember the hints ſhe had given her of the vexations to which her vanity would expoſe her.

Miſs Caroline, on whom this good advice had no effect, loſt not a moment in deſtroying all the pleaſure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, which before hung down in careleſs ringlets, was now twiſted up in paper, and ſqueezed between a burning pair of tongs; that fine jet, which had hitherto ſo happily ſet off the whiteneſs of her forehead, was loſt under a clod of powder and pomatum.

In a few days, the mantua-maker arrived with a fine ſlip of pea-green taffety, with fine pink trim-

trimmings, and a pair of ſhoes, elegantly worked to anſwer the ſlip. The ſight of them gave infinite pleaſure to Caroline; but it was eaſily to be perceived, when ſhe had them on, that her limbs were under great reſtraint, and her motions had loſt their accuſtomed eaſe and freedom. That innocence and candour, which uſed to adorn her lovely countenance, began to be loſt amidſt the profuſion of flowers, ſilks, gauzes, and ribbands.

The novelty, however, of her appearance quite enchanted her. Her eyes, with uncommon eagerneſs, wandered over every part of her dreſs, and were ſeldom removed, unleſs to take a general ſurvey of the whole in a pier-glaſs. She prevailed on her mamma, to let her ſend cards of invitation to all her acquaintances, in order to enjoy the inexpreſſible pleaſure of being gazed at. As ſoon as they were met, ſhe would walk backwards and forwards before them, like a peacock, and ſeem to conſider herſelf as the empreſs of the world, and they as her vaſſals.

All this triumph and conſequence, however, met with many mortifying circumſtances. The children, who lived near her, were one day per-

mitted to ramble about the fields, when Caroline accompanied them, and led the way. What firſt attracted their attention was a beautiful meadow, enamelled with a variety of charming flowers; and butterflies, whoſe wings were of various colours, hovered over its ſurface. The little ladies amuſed themſelves with hunting theſe butterflies, which they dexterouſly caught without hurting them; and, as ſoon as they had examined their beauties, let them fly again. Of the flowers that ſprung beneath their feet, they made noſegays, formed in the prettieſt taſte.

Though pride would not at firſt permit Miſs Caroline to partake of theſe mean amuſements, yet ſhe at laſt wanted to ſhare in the diverſion; but they told her, that the ground might be damp, which would infallibly ſtain her ſhoes, and hurt her ſilk ſlip. They had diſcovered her intention in thus bringing them together, which was only to ſhew her fine clothes, and they were therefore reſolved to mortify her vanity.

Miſs Caroline was of courſe under the neceſſity of being ſolitary and inactive, while her companions ſported on the graſs without fear of incommoding themſelves. The pleaſure ſhe had lately

lately taken in viewing her fine ſlip and ſhoes was, at this moment, but a poor compenſation for the mirth and merriment ſhe thereby loſt.

On one ſide of the meadow grew a fine grove of trees, which reſounded with the various notes of innumerable birds, and which ſeemed to invite every one that paſſed that way to retire thither, and partake of the indulgences of the ſhade. The little maidens entered this grove, jumping and ſporting, without fearing any injury to their clothes. Miſs Caroline would have followed them, but they adviſed her not, telling her, that the buſhes would certainly tear her fine trimmings. She plainly ſaw that her friends, who were joyouſly ſporting among the trees, were making themſelves merry at her expence, and therefore grew peeviſh and ill-humoured.

The youngeſt of her viſitors, however, had ſome ſort of compaſſion on her. She had juſt diſcovered a corner, where a quantity of fine wild ſtrawberries grew, when ſhe called to Miſs Caroline, and invited her to eat part of them. This ſhe readily attempted; but no ſooner had ſhe entered the grove, than ſhe was obliged to call out for help. Hereupon the children all gathered to

the ſpot, and found poor Caroline faſtened by the gauze of her hat to a branch of white-thorn, from which ſhe could not diſengage herſelf. They immediately took out the pins that faſtened her hat; but, to add to her misfortunes, as her hair, which had been frizzled with ſo much labour, was alſo entangled with the branch of white-thorn, it coſt her almoſt a whole lock, before ſhe could be ſet at liberty. Thus in an inſtant, was all the boaſted ſuperſtructure, of her head-dreſs put into a ſtate of confuſion.

After what had paſſed, it cannot be difficult to ſuppoſe in what manner her playmates viewed this accident. Inſtead of conſolation, of which Caroline ſtood in much need, they could not refrain laughing at the odd figure ſhe made, and did actually torment her with an hundred witty jokes. After having put her a little into order, they quitted her in ſearch of new amuſements, and were ſoon ſeen at the top of a neighbouring hill.

Miſs Caroline found it very difficult to reach this hill; for her fine ſhoes, that were made very tight, in order to ſet off her feet the better, greatly retarded her ſpeed. Nor was this the only

only inconvenience; for her ſtays were drawn ſo cloſe, that ſhe could not properly breathe. She would very willingly have gone home to change her dreſs, in order to be more at eaſe; but ſhe well knew that her friends would not give up their amuſements to pleaſe her caprice.

Her playmates having reached the ſummit of the hill, enjoyed the beautiful proſpect that ſurrounded them on all ſides. On one hand were ſeen verdant meadows; on the other the riches of the harveſt, with meandring ſtreams that interſected the fields, and country ſeats and cottages ſcattered here and there. So grand a proſpect could not fail of delighting them, and they danced about with joy; while poor Caroline found herſelf obliged to remain below, overwhelmed with ſorrow, not being able to get up the hill.

In ſuch a ſituation, ſhe had leiſure enough to make the moſt ſorrowful reflections. "To what purpoſe, (ſaid ſhe to herſelf) am I dreſſed in theſe fine clothes? Of what a deal of pleaſure do they debar me, and do not all my preſent ſufferings ariſe merely from the poſſeſſion of them?" She was giving up her mind to theſe diſtreſſing

thoughts, when ſhe ſuddenly ſaw her friends come running down the hill, and all crying out together as they paſſed her, "Run, run, Caroline! there is a terrible ſtorm behind the hill, and it is coming towards us! If you do not make haſte, your fine ſilk ſlip will be nicely ſouſed!"

The fear of having her ſlip ſpoiled recalled her ſtrength; ſhe forgot her wearineſs, pinched feet, and tight-laced waiſt, and made all the haſte ſhe could to get under cover. In ſpite of all her efforts, however ſhe could not run ſo faſt as her companions, who were not incommoded by their dreſſes. Every moment produced ſome obſtacle to her ſpeed: at one time, by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths ſhe had to paſs through; at another, by her train, of which the furzes frequently took hold; and at others, by Monſ. Pomatum and Powder's fine ſcaffold-work about her head, on which the wind beat down the branches of ſuch trees as ſhe was obliged, in her progreſs home, to paſs under.

At laſt, down came the ſtorm with great fury, and hail and rain mixed fell in torrents. All her companions were ſafe at home before it began, and none were expoſed to its rage but poor Caroline,

roline, who, indeed, got home at laſt, but in a moſt diſaſtrous condition. She had left one of her fine ſhoes behind her in a large muddy hole, which, in her precipitate flight, ſhe had hurried over without obſerving; and, to fill up the meaſure of her misfortunes, juſt as ſhe had got over the meadow, a ſudden guſt of wind made free with her hat, and blew it into a pond of ſtagnated and filthy water.

So compleatly ſoaked was every thing ſhe had on, and the heat and rain had ſo glued her linen to her, that it was with ſome difficulty they got her undreſſed; as to her ſilk ſlip, it indeed afforded a miſerable ſpectacle of fallen pride and vanity.

Her mother, ſeeing her in tears, jocoſely ſaid to her, "My dear, ſhall I have another ſlip made up for you againſt to-morrow?"——"Oh, no, mamma, (anſwered Caroline, kiſſing her) I am perfectly convinced, from experience, that fine clothes cannot add to the happineſs of the wearer. Let me again have my nice white frock, and no more powder and pomatum till I am at leaſt ten years older; for I am aſhamed of my folly and vanity."

Caroline ſoon appeared in her former dreſs, and with it ſhe recovered her uſual eaſe and freedom,

looking more modeſt and pleaſing than ſhe ever did in her gaudy finery. Her mamma did not regret the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained in the wreck of the ſilk ſlip, fine ſhoes, and hat, ſince it produced the means of bringing her daughter back to reaſon and prudence.

ARTHUR AND ADRIAN; OR, TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

ADRIAN had frequently heard his father ſay, that children had but little knowledge with reſpect to what was the moſt proper for them; and that the greateſt proof they could give of their wiſdom, conſiſted in following the advice of people, who had more age and experience. This was a kind of doctrine Adrian did not underſtand, or at leaſt would not, and therefore it is no wonder he forgot it.

This

This wife and good father had allotted him and his brother Arthur a convenient piece of ground, in order that each might be poſſeſſed of a little garden, and diſplay his knowledge and induſtry in the cultivation of it. They had alſo leave to ſow whatever ſeed they ſhould think proper, and to tranſplant any tree they liked out of their father's garden into their own.

Arthur remembered thoſe words of his father which his brother Adrian had forgotten, and therefore went to conſult their gardener Rufus. "Pray tell me, (ſaid he) what is now in ſeaſon to ſow in my garden, and in what manner I am to ſet about my buſineſs?" The gardener hereupon gave him ſeveral roots and ſeeds, ſuch as were propereſt for the ſeaſon. Arthur inſtantly ran, and put them in the ground, and Rufus very kindly, not only aſſiſted him in the work, but made him acquainted with many things neceſſary to be known.

Adrian, on the other hand, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders at his brother's induſtry, thinking he was taking much more pains than was neceſſary. Rufus, not obſerving this contemptuous treatment, offered him likewiſe his aſſiſtance and inſtruction; but he refuſed it in a manner that ſufficiently

ficiently betrayed his vanity and ignorance. He then went into his father's garden, and took from thence a quantity of flowers, which he immediately tranſplanted into his own. The gardener took no notice of him, but left him to do as he liked.

When Adrian viſited his garden the next morning, all the flowers he had planted hung down their heads, like ſo many mourners at a funeral, and, as he plainly ſaw, were in a dying ſtate. He replaced them with others from his father's garden; but, on viſiting them the next morning, he found them periſhing like the former.

This was a matter of great vexation to Adrian who conſequently became ſoon diſguſted with this kind of buſineſs. He had no idea of taking ſo much pains for the poſſeſſion of a few flowers, and therefore gave it up as an unprofitable game. Hence his piece of ground ſoon became a wilderneſs of weeds and thiſtles.

As he was looking into his brother's garden, about the beginning of ſummer, he ſaw ſomething of a red colour hanging near the ground, which on examination, he found to be ſtrawberries, of a delicious flavour. "Ah! (ſaid he) I ſhould have planted ſtrawberries in my garden."

Some

Some time afterwards, walking again in his brother's garden, he ſaw little berries of a milk-white colour, which hung down in cluſters from the branches of a buſh. Upon examination, he found they were currants, which even the ſight of was a feaſt. "Ah! (ſaid he) I ſhould have planted currants in my garden."

The gardener then obſerved to him, that it was his own fault that his garden was not as productive as his brother's. "Never for the future (ſaid Rufus) deſpiſe the inſtruction and aſſiſtance of any one, ſince, you will find by experience that *two heads are better than one.*

MADAM D'ALLONE, AND HER FOUR PUPILS.

MADAM D'Allone was the governeſs of four young ladies, Emilia, Harriot, Lucy, and Sophia, whom ſhe loved with the tenderneſs of a mother. Her principal wiſh was, that her pupils might be virtuous and happy, and that they might enjoy all the comforts of life with tranquillity. They each experienced an equal ſhare of her indulgence, and each received the ſame treatment, either as to pardon for errors, or rewards, or puniſhments.

Her endeavours were crowned with the happieſt ſucceſs, and her four little girls became the ſweeteſt children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, and as readily forgave offences; they ſhared in each other's joys, nor were they ever happy when ſeparated.

An unforeſeen event, however, diſturbed this happy tranquillity, juſt at the very moment they began to taſte its charms, which ſerved to convince them, how neceſſary it was to be guided by their prudent governeſs.

Madam D'Allone was obliged to leave her pupils for a little time, a family affair having made it neceſſary for her to viſit France. She left them with much reluctance, even ſacrificed her intereſt, in ſome meaſure, to the deſire of ſpeedily ſettling her affairs, and, in the courſe of a month, returned in ſafety to her little flock, who received her with the warmeſt expreſſions of joy; but the alteration ſhe perceived in her children very much ſurpriſed and alarmed her.

She ſaw it frequently happen, that if one aſked the ſlighteſt favour of another, it was ill-naturedly refuſed, and from thence aroſe tumults, and quarrels. That gaiety and chearfulneſs, which had uſed to accompany all their ſports and paſtimes, were

were now changed to a gloomy perverſeneſs; and, inſtead of thoſe tender expreſſions of love and friendſhip, which had conſtantly dwelt in all their converſations, nothing was now heard but perpetual jarrings and wranglings. If one propoſed a walk in the garden, another would give ſome reaſon why ſhe wiſhed to remain in her chamber; and, in ſhort, their only ſtudied ſeemed to be to thwart each other.

It happened one day, that not contented with ſhewing each other how much they delighted in perverſeneſs, they mutually diſtreſſed themſelves with reciprocal reproaches.

Madam D'Allone beheld this ſcene with the greateſt uneaſineſs, and could not help ſhedding tears on the occaſion. She did not then think it prudent to ſay any thing to them, but retired to her chamber, in order there to think of the propereſt means of reſtoring peace and harmony among her unhappy pupils.

While ſhe was turning theſe afflicting thoughts in her mind, all the four young ladies entered her apartment with a peeviſh and uneaſy look, each complaining of the ill-temper of the reſt. There was not one but what charged the other three with being the cauſe of it, and altogether begged

their governeſs would, if poſſible, reſtore to them that happineſs they once poſſeſſed.

Their governeſs put on a very ſerious countenance, and ſaid, "I have obſerved, my pupils, that you endeavour to thwart each other, and thereby deſtroy your pleaſures. In order, therefore, that no ſuch thing may happen again, let each take up her corner in this room, if ſhe chuſe it, and divert herſelf in what manner ſhe pleaſes, provided ſhe does not interfere with either of her ſiſters. You may immediately have recourſe to this mode of recreation, as you have leave to play till night; but remember that neither of you ſtir from the corner in which I ſhall place you."

The little maidens, who were no way diſpleaſed with this propoſal, haſtened to their different quarters, and began to amuſe themſelves each in her own way. Sophia commenced a converſation with her doll, or rather told her many pretty little ſtories; but her doll had not the gift of ſpeech, and conſequently was no companion. She could not expect any entertainment from her ſiſters, as they were playing, each aſunder, in their reſpective corners.

Lucy took her battledore and ſhuttlecock, but there were none to admire her dexterity; beſides, ſhe

ſhe was not allowed to ſtrike it acroſs the room, as that would have been an invaſion on one of her ſiſter's territories. She could not expect, that either of them would quit their amuſements to oblige her.

Harriot was very fond of her old game of hunt the ſlipper; but what was ſhe to do with the ſlipper by herſelf; ſhe could only [illegible]ve it from hand to hand. It was in vain to hope for ſuch ſervice from her ſiſters, as each was amuſing herſelf in her aſſigned corner.

Emilia, who was a very ſkilful pretty houſewife, was thinking how ſhe might give her friends an entertainment, and of courſe ſent out many things to market; but there was at preſent nobody near, with whom ſhe might conſult on the occaſion, for her ſiſters were amuſing themſelves each in her corner.

Every attempt they made to find ſome new amuſement failed, and all ſuppoſed that a compromiſe would be moſt agreeable; but, as matters were carried ſo far, who was firſt to propoſe it? This each would have conſidered as a humiliating circumſtance; they therefore kept their diſtance, and diſdainfully continued in their ſolitude. The day at laſt cloſing, they returned to

Madam D'Allone, and begged her to think of ſome other amuſement for them, than the ineffectual one they had tried.

" I am ſorry, my children, (ſaid their governeſs) to ſee you all ſo diſcontented. I know but of one way to make you happy, with which you yourſelves were formerly acquainted, but which, it ſeems, you have forgotten. Yet, if you wiſh once more to put it into practice, I can eaſily bring it to your recollections." They all anſwered together, as though with one voice, that they heartily wiſhed to recollect it, and ſtood attentive while their governeſs was looking at them, in eager expectation to hear what ſhe had to ſay.

" What you have loſt, or at leaſt forgotten, (replied Madam D'Allone) is that mutual love and friendſhip which you once had for each other, and which every ſiſter ought chearfully to cheriſh. O! my deareſt little friends, how have you contrived to forget this, and thereby make me and yourſelves miſerable!"

Having uttered theſe few words, which were interrupted by ſighs, ſhe ſtopped ſhort, while tears of tenderneſs ſtole down her cheeks. The young ladies appeared much diſconcerted, and ſtruck dumb with ſorrow and confuſion. Their gover-

neſs

neſs held out her arms, and they all at once inſtantly ruſhed towards her. They ſincerely promiſed, that they would tenderly love each other for the future, and perfectly agree, as they formerly had done."

From this time, no idle peeviſhneſs troubled their harmonious intercourſe; and, inſtead of bickerings and diſcontents among them, nothing was ſeen but mutual condeſcenſion, which delighted all who had the opportunity of being in their company. May this ſerve as a uſeful leſſon to my youthful readers, how eaſy it is for them to promote or diſturb their own happineſs.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE BIRD'S EGG.

MASTER Gregory was fond of walking in a wood, which ſtood at a ſhort diſtance from his father's houſe. The wood being young, the trees were conſequently ſmall, and placed very near to each other, with two or three paths between them. As he was one day walking up and down, in order to reſt himſelf a little, he placed his back againſt a tree, whoſe ſtem was quite ſlender, and therefore all its branches ſhook as ſoon

ſoon as it was touched. This ruſtling happened to frighten a little bird who ſprung from a neighbouring buſh, and flew into another part of the wood.

Gregory was vexed to think he had diſturbed the bird, and fixed his eyes upon the buſh, in hopes of ſeeing it return. While he was thus attentively on the watch, he imagined he ſaw among the twiſted branches ſomething like a tuft of hay. As his curioſity was raiſed to know what it was, he went up cloſe to the hedge, and found this tuft of hay was hollow, like a bowl. On putting aſide the branches, he ſaw ſomething like little balls within it, which were ſpotted, and of an oval ſhape. They lay cloſe to each other, on ſomething very ſoft. "Bleſs me, (ſaid Gregory) this muſt be certainly what I have heard ſome people call a bird's neſt, and the balls muſt be eggs. They are indeed leſs than our eggs, but then our hens are larger than theſe birds."

He had ſome thoughts, at firſt, of taking away the whole neſt; but, upon ſecond conſideration, he contented himſelf with taking only one of the eggs, with which he inſtantly ran home. In the midſt of his haſte, he met his ſiſter. "See this

little

little egg, (ſaid he to her) I juſt now found it in a neſt, in which were five others."

She deſired to have it in her hand, examined it attentively, and then returned it to her brother. At laſt they began rolling it up and down a table, juſt as they would a ball. One puſhed it one way, and the other a different way, till at laſt they puſhed it off the table, when it fell on the floor and broke. This ſet them a crying, and each mutually accuſed the other of being the cauſe of this ſad diſaſter.

Their mamma happening to hear them cry, came to enquire into the cauſe of it, when both began at once telling their ſorrows, and having heard their different ſtories ſhe took them affectionately by the hand, and led them to a tree, whoſe ſtately bows afforded a pleaſant ſhade to a verdant bank, on which they all ſet down together.

"My dear children, (ſaid their mamma) make yourſelves eaſy. You have broken the egg between you, and that, to be ſure, is a misfortune; but it is of two trifling a nature to ſuffer it to make you unhappy. After all, Gregory, there is ſome room for complaint againſt you, as it was an act of injuſtice to rob the poor bird of its egg. You muſt have ſeen how the hen places her

her eggs in a neſt, on which ſhe ſits to warm and animate them. In about three weeks, from the eggs proceed chickens, which pierce the ſhell, and in a few days come and feed out of your hand. This egg, which you have juſt now broken, had you left it in the neſt, would have become a ſort of chick. The bird you ſaw fly out of the buſh was probably the mother, who will, very likely, return again, to ſee what miſchief you have done her, and perhaps ſhe will forſake it altogether, which they frequently do when diſturbed.

"Though the loſs is only a ſingle egg, yet that perhaps will inform them that their habitation is diſcovered, when they have every thing to be afraid of from our violence. They gueſs, that when their little ones ſhall be hatched, thoſe that robbed them of an egg, will return and ſeize upon their infant family. If this neſt you have been robbing, for I cannot call it any thing leſs than a robbery, ſhould be on that account forſaken, I think you will be very ſorry for it."

Gregory replied, that it would indeed give him much uneaſineſs, and ſeemed very ſorry that he had meddled with the egg. "But, (ſaid he to his mamma) I had not the leaſt thought of what you have been telling me, nor did I ſuppoſe there could

could be any harm in bringing it to my ſiſter, for it was principally on that account that I took it."

His mamma replied, that ſhe readily believed him; for ſhe told him ſhe was ſenſible, that he had too good a heart to wiſh to do miſchief merely for the ſake of tormenting others. Gregory was, indeed, a very good boy, and was as remarkable for his duty to his parents, his tender attachment to his ſiſter, and his univerſal benevolence to every one.

The little girl obſerved to her mamma, that the neſt which her brother had ſhewn her, did not, in any degree, reſemble the ſwallow's neſts that were ſeen about the corners of the windows of ſome houſes. "My dear, (replied her mamma) every neſt is not alike, any more than every bird, ſome being great and others little; ſome are never ſeen to perch on trees, while others are hardly ever out of them; ſome are bulky and inactive, others ſlim, and full of cunning and induſtry; the plumage of ſome are beautiful beyond deſcription, with an amazing variety of colours, and others have a plain and homely appearance; ſome ſubſiſt on fruits, ſome feed upon inſects, and many live by making a prey of, and devouring the ſmaller birds."

Here her little daughter exclaimed, "Oh, what wicked creatures! I am ſure I ſhould think it no crime to deſtroy the neſts of ſuch unnatural birds!"—"Very true, (replied her mamma) and there are many more of your way of thinking; and therefore theſe great birds who live upon the ſmaller claſs, build their neſts in places where they cannot be eaſily diſturbed, ſuch as in woods, in crevices of rocks, and in other places moſt unfrequented by men, or at heights beyond our reach.

"Since, therefore, my dear children, theſe birds are greatly different from each other, as well in ſize as in the mode of living, and in the variety of their plumage, it will naturally follow, that their neſts muſt alſo differ. The lark never perches on a tree, and ſings only when mounting in the air, and builds her neſt on the ground. The ſwallow builds about the roofs of houſes, under what we call the eves, and ſometimes in the corners of windows. The owl, who flies abroad only in the night, ſeeks out deſerted habitations, or ſome hollow tree, wherein to depoſit her eggs; and the eagles, who ſoar above the clouds till abſolutely out of ſight, bring forth their young in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Thoſe birds, which ſo

prettily ſport round our houſes, and hop from branch to branch, make their neſts in trees and hedges. Thoſe who ſport on the water, and find their living therein, build their neſts among the ruſhes that grow on the banks.

"We will, one fine day, take a walk into the little valley that terminates our large meadow, and you will there ſee a number of theſe pretty creatures buſy in ſelecting the materials, of which they compoſe their neſts. You will obſerve one employed in carrying off a wheaten ſtraw, another with wool or feathers in its beak, another with a dried leaf, and perhaps with a little moſs. You may frequently notice the ſwallow, on the borders of a limpid ſtream, moiſtening in the water a little bit of earth which he holds in his beak, and with this he builds his habitation; and, though the outſide of its neſt is formed of hard and durable materials, the inſide is lined with the ſofteſt and warmeſt. There are even ſome birds, who pull off their own feathers to make up a comfortable bed, wherein to ſecure their young from every inclemency of the elements.

"Their neſts are made large or ſmall, in proportion to the number of eggs they are to contain. Some birds hang up their neſts by a kind of thread, which

which they have the ſkill to form of flax, of different ſorts of weeds, and of the webs of ſpiders. Others place it in the middle of a ſoft and gluey ſubſtance, to which they carefully ſtick many feathers. All birds ſeek retired and ſolitary places, and uſe every endeavour to make their neſts ſtrong and ſolid, to ſecure them from the attacks of enemies of various ſpecies.

"It is in this kind of habitation they lay their eggs, where the mother, and at times the father, ſits upon them, puts every thing within them into motion, and at laſt produces little creatures, who break through their ſhell, and come forth.

"I doubt not but you have often ſeen a fly in winter, which appeared to have no life in it; yet upon taking it into your hand, the warmth proceeding from it has brought it to life. It is nearly the ſame thing with birds, the perſeverance of whoſe parents, in brooding upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

"While the mother is ſitting, the cock is her conſtant attendant, and amuſes her with his muſic. When the young birds are hatched, the old ones endeavour to releaſe them from the confinement of the egg. At this period, their diligence is redoubled, they do every thing to nouriſh and

defend them, and are conſtantly employed in that intereſting purſuit. No diſtance deters them from ſeeking their food, of which they make an equal diſtribution, every one receiving in his turn what they have been enabled to procure. So long as they continue young and helpleſs, they contrive to procure ſuch food as is adapted to their delicacy; but as ſoon as they are grown ſtronger by age, they provide for them food of a more ſolid nature.

"The pelican, which is a very large bird, is obliged to go a great diſtance for food for its young, and therefore nature has provided it with a ſort of bag, which ſhe fills with ſuch food as ſhe knows is moſt agreeable to the palate of her young ones. She warms what ſhe procures, and by ſuch means makes it fitter for their tender ſtomachs.

"While they are thus acting the parental part, they ſeem to be forgetful of themſelves, and attentive only to their little family. On the approach of either rain or tempeſts, they haſten to their neſts, and cover it as well as they can with expanded wings, thereby keeping out the wind and water from hurting their infant brood. All their nights are employed in nouriſhing and keeping

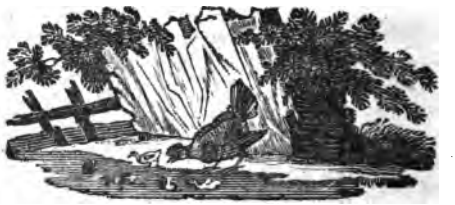
ing them warm. The moſt timorous among the feathered race, who will fly away on the leaſt noiſe that approaches them, and tremble at the moſt trifling apprehenſions of danger, become ſtrangers to fear as ſoon as they have a young family to take care of, and are inſpired with courage and intrepidity. We ſee an inſtance of this in the common hen, who, though in general a coward, no ſooner becomes a parent, than ſhe gives proofs of courage, and boldly ſtands forth in defence of her young. She will face the largeſt dog, and will not run even from a man, who ſhall attempt to rob her of her young.

"In nearly a ſimilar manner, the little birds endeavour to protect their infant family. When an enemy approaches, they will flutter round the neſt, will ſeem to call out for aſſiſtance, will attack the invader, and purſue him. The mother will frequently prefer confining herſelf with them to the pleaſure of rambling through the woods, and will not quit her little progeny."

Here their mama ended, and her two children promiſed they never would any more diſturb thoſe pretty feathered animals. They promiſed only to look at their neſts, without being ſo cruel as to do them any harm. They ſaid they would be

ſatisfied with gazing on them, while employed in the delightful taſk of attending on their young, and comforting and careſſing their unprotected offspring.

"My dear children, (ſaid their mamma) this is the conduct you ought to purſue. Keep your reſolutions, and I ſhall love you the more tenderly for it. Do no injury to any creature, for he who made you, made them alſo. Take no delight in giving pain to the moſt inſignificant part of the creation; but endeavour, on all occaſions, to contribute to their happineſs.



THE COVETOUS BOY.

YOUNG Samuel was the only ſon of a capital merchant, and was tenderly beloved by his father. He had by no means a bad heart, his countenance was pleaſing, and his friends would all have been very fond of him, had he not ſhewn, in every part of his conduct, a covetous propenſity that eclipſed all his accompliſhments.

His covetous diſpoſition made him wiſh for every thing he ſaw others poſſeſſed of, and even carried

carried him to ſo great a length, that he would not ſhare among his playmates any thing he had, or even let them ſee it.

It was with little Samuel as it generally is with every body elſe, that he loſt more than he gained by his avarice. If any body gave him any ſweet-meats, he would get into ſome private corner of the houſe, and there ſwallow them, for fear any of his acquaintances ſhould want part of them. His father, in order to cure him of this greedy diſpoſition, uſed, while he was feaſting in private, to give a double portion to his companions. He perceived this, and therefore left off hiding himſelf; but he no ſooner fixed his eyes on any nicety, than he appeared ready to devour it at once, and purſued the hand of thoſe that held it, as a vulture does its prey.

From what has been already ſaid, his father may be ſuppoſed to be much hurt at this conduct; and, in order to ſave himſelf as much vexation as poſſible, he ceaſed to give him any more niceties, or even have them within his houſe, ſo that they might not at any rate be within the reach of his voracious ſon.

If Samuel had a pleaſing toy of any kind, he would never ſhew it, but concealed himſelf in the

enjoyment of it, without ever being happy. If he had any ſort of fruit, he would not ſhare it with his playmates, but devour it in private, even refuſing any to thoſe he happened to love moſt. Conſequently, none of his playmates would ever give him a part of what they had, and ſeemed always deſirous of ſhunning his company. When he chanced to be engaged in a quarrel with any one, none appeared ready to take his part, not even when they knew him in the right; and, when he was in the wrong, every one joined againſt him.

It one day happened, that a little boy obſerved him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by ſurpriſe a knock on the elbow, which made him let the apple fall. However, he picked it up haſtily, and in order to revenge himſelf on the boy, ſet off to catch him; but, in running, fell into a hog-pond, and had like to have been ſuffocated in the ſoil. He exerted all his power to get out, but to no effect; he endeavoured, but without ſucceeding, to prevail on his playmates to take hold of his hand and help him out.

Inſtead of aſſiſting him, they laughed at his diſtreſs, and joyouſly danced about the pond, from which he could not relieve himſelf. They told

told him to aſk the aſſiſtance of thoſe, to whom he had done the leaſt kindneſs; but, among all his playmates, there was not one, whoſe help he could demand on that ſcore. At laſt, one of the boys, who took pity on him, came forward and gave him his hand, when he ſafely got out.

Samuel ſhook off the mud as well as he could, and then, to ſhew his gratitude to the little boy who had aſſiſted him, he bit off about a quarter of the apple which had cauſed this diſaſter, and which he never let go, and deſired him to accept of it. But the boy, diſguſted with ſo pitiful a gift, took the morſel, and then flung it in his face; and this ſerved as a ſignal for all the boys to ſcout him. They purſued Samuel quite home, hooting him all the way he went.

This was the firſt time he had ever been hooted, and as he did not want for feeling, it threw him into a depth of thought. He kept out of his father's preſence, and confined himſelf to his room for ſome days. There he reaſoned with himſelf on the cauſe that could produce ſuch treatment from his playfellows. "For what reaſon, (ſaid he to himſelf) could my little neighbour, who even lent me his hand to get out of the pond, throw the apple in my face, and ſet the boys to hoot

hoot me? Why has he ſo many good friends, while I have not a ſingle one?"

On comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own, he ſoon diſcovered the reaſon. To become ſenſible of our errors is half the work of reformation. He recollected, that he had obſerved his friend was always ready to help every one; that, whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he ſeemed to feel more pleaſure in ſharing it with his companions, than in eating it himſelf, and had no kind of amuſement in which he did not wiſh every one to bear a part. On this ſhort review of circumſtances he plainly perceived, wherein lay the difference between himſelf and this little good boy. He at laſt reſolved to imitate him; and the next day, filling his pockets with fruit, he ran up to every boy he met, and gave him a part of it, but he could not, on a ſudden, give up *ſelf*, having left a little in his pocket to eat at home in private.

Though it is evident, that he had not yet completely conquered his avarice, yet he was not a little pleaſed with the advances he had made, ſince his companions were now, on their part, more generous to him; they ſhewed themſelves much more

more ſatisfied with his company, and admitted him a partner in all their little paſtimes; they divided with him whatever they happened to have, and he always went home pleaſed and ſatisfied.

Soon after, he made a ſtill greater progreſs in conquering his ſelfiſh diſpoſition; for he pulled out of his pocket every thing he had, and divided it into as many ſhares as there were mouths to eat it, without reſerving any more than an equal part for himſelf. Indeed, it was the general opinion of the boys, that his own ſhare was the leaſt. This day he was much more ſatisfied than before, and went home gay and cheerful.

By purſuing this conduct, he ſoon acquired a generous habit, and became liberal even to thoſe who had nothing to give in return. He conſequently acquired the love and eſteem of his companions, who no ſooner ſaw him than they ran to meet him with joyful countenances, and made his pleaſure their own. Thus, inſtead of being miſerable and wretched through avarice, he became completely happy in the practice of generoſity.

His father was undoubtedly highly pleaſed with this change, and tenderly embracing him, promiſed

promiſed to refuſe him nothing in future that might add to his pleaſure and delight. Samuel hereby learned in what true happineſs conſiſts.

DISSIPATION THE CERTAIN ROAD TO RUIN.

A Young man, whoſe name was Humphries, was a dull companion, but an excellent workman. Nothing ran in his head ſo much as the wiſh to become a maſter, but he had not money to gratify that wiſh. A merchant, however, who was well acquainted with his induſtry, lent him an hundred pounds, in order that he might open ſhop in a proper ſtile.

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It will from hence naturally follow, that Humphries thought himſelf one of the happieſt men in the world. He ſuppoſed his warehouſe already filled with goods, he reckoned how many cuſtomers would crowd to buy them, and what would be his profits thereon.

In the midſt of theſe extravagant flights of fancy, he perceived an alehouſe. "Come, (ſaid he, on entering it) I will indulge myſelf with ſpending one ſixpence of this money." He heſitated, however, ſome few moments, about calling for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conſcience loudly told him, that his time for enjoyment ought to be at ſome diſtance, and not till he had paid his friend the money he had borrowed; that it would not be honeſt in him, at preſent, to expend a farthing of that money but in abſolute neceſſaries. With theſe right ideas he was nearly leaving the alehouſe; but, bethinking himſelf, on the other hand, that if he ſpent a ſixpence of his money, he ſhould ſtill have an hundred pounds all but that ſixpence, that ſuch a ſum was fully ſufficient to ſet him up in trade, and that a ſingle half-hour's induſtry would amply make amends for ſuch a trifling pleaſure as he wiſhed then to enjoy.

He called for his punch, and the firſt glaſs baniſhed all his former qualms, little thinking that ſuch a conduct would, by inſenſible degrees, open a way to his ruin. The next day, he recollected the pleaſures of the former glaſs, and found it eaſy to reconcile his conſcience to the ſpending of another ſixpence. He knew he ſhould ſtill have an hundred pounds left all but one ſhilling.

The love of liquor had at laſt completely conquered him, and every ſucceeding day he conſtantly returned to his favourite alehouſe, and gradually increaſed his quantity, till he ſpent two ſhillings and ſixpence at each ſitting. Here he ſeemed to make a ſtand, and every time he went he conſoled himſelf with ſaying, that he was ſpending only half-a-crown, and that he need not fear but he ſhould have enough to carry on his trade.

By this deluſive way of reaſoning, he ſilenced the prudent whiſpers of conſcience, which would ſometimes, in ſpite even of liquor, break in upon him, and remind him, that the proper uſe of money conſiſted in prudently applying every part of it to advantageous purpoſes.

Thus you ſee how the human mind is led into deſtructive extravagancies by inſenſible degrees.

Induſtry had no longer any charms to allure him, being blindly perſuaded, that the money he had borrowed would prove an inexhauſtible reſource for all his extravagance. He was at laſt convinced, and his conviction ſuddenly fell on him like a clap of thunder, that he could not recover the effects of his preceding diſſipation, and that his generous benefactor would have little inclination to lend another hundred pounds to a man, who had ſo ſhamefully abuſed his kindneſs in the firſt inſtance.

Entirely overcome with ſhame and confuſion, his recourſe to hard drinking, merely to quiet his conſcience and reflections, ſerved only to bring on his ruin the ſooner. At laſt, the fatal moment arrived, when quite diſguſted at the thought of induſtry, and becoming an object of horror even to himſelf, life became inſupportable, and nothing preſented themſelves to him but ſcenes of poverty, deſolation, and remorſe.

Overtaken by deſpair, he fled from his country, and joined a gang of ſmugglers, whoſe ravages were dreaded through every town and village on the coaſt. Heaven, however, did not permit theſe iniquities to have a long reign; for

a diſgraceful death ſoon put a period to the exiſtence of this unhappy wretch.

Alas! had he liſtened to the firſt dictates of reaſon, and been wrought upon by the reproaches of his conſcience, he might have been eaſy and happy in his ſituation, and have comfortably enjoyed the repoſe of a reputable old age, inſtead of coming to that deplorable end, which is the certain reward of vice and folly.

CALUMNY AND SCANDAL GREAT ENEMIES TO SOCIETY.

THOUGH Maria was of a tolerable good temper, yet ſhe had contracted a moſt miſchievous vice, and that was calumny. Whenever ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw any thing amiſs in others, though they were her moſt intimate friends, ſhe ſeemed to take pleaſure in publiſhing it to the world.

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The inexperience of her age frequently led her to aſcribe indifferent actions to improper motives, and a ſingle word, or volatility of diſpoſition, was ſufficient to raiſe in her breaſt the worſt ſuſpicions, with which, as ſoon as ſhe had formed them, ſhe would run into company, and there publiſh them as indubitable facts.

As ſhe was never at a loſs for embelliſhments from her own fancy, in order to make her tales appear the more plauſible, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed what miſchief ſuch a conduct was capable of producing. In a little time, all the families in her neighbourhood were ſet together by the ears, and the ſeeds of diſcord ſoon after ſprung up among individuals; huſbands and wives, brothers and ſiſters, maſters and ſervants, commenced perpetual variance between each other. All on a ſudden, mutual confidence ſeemed to be loſt in every place where Maria viſited.

Matters at laſt were carried ſo far, that every one ſhut their doors againſt her, as they would have done againſt any one tainted with the plague; but neither hatred or humiliation could reform a vice, which cuſtom and prejudice had ſo deeply rivetted in her heart. This glorious work

of

of reformation was reſerved for Angelica, her couſin, who was the only one left that would keep her company, and who lived in hopes that ſhe ſhould in the end be able to convince her of her ruinous conduct.

Maria went one day to ſee her couſin, and entertained her as uſual with a long recital of ſcandal againſt their common friends, though ſhe well knew that ſuch tales were diſagreeable to Angelica. "And now, my dear, (ſaid Maria, having ſtopped for want of breath) your turn is come to tell me ſomething. You ſee ſuch a variety of company, that you ſurely muſt be acquainted with a number of anecdotes."

"My dear Maria, (anſwered Angelica) whenever I viſit my friends, it is for the ſake of enjoying their company; and I am too ſenſible of my own intereſt to forfeit their eſteem by expoſing their defects. Indeed, I am ſenſible of ſo many errors in myſelf, and find it ſo difficult to correct them, that I have no leiſure to contemplate the imperfections of others. Having every reaſon to wiſh for their candour and indulgence, I readily grant them mine; and my attention is conſtantly turned to diſcover what is commend-

able

able in them, in order that I may make ſuch perfections my own. Before we preſume to cenſure others, we ought to be certain that we have no faults ourſelves. I cannot, therefore, but congratulate you on that faultleſs ſtate, which I am ſo unhappy as to want. Continue, my dear Maria, this employment of a charitable cenſor, who would lead the world to virtue by expoſing the deformity of vice, and you cannot fail of meeting your deſerts."

Maria well knew how much ſhe was the public object of averſion and diſguſt, and therefore could not help feeling the irony of Angelica. From that day, ſhe began very ſeriouſly to reflect on the danger of her indiſcretion, and trembling at the recollection of thoſe miſchiefs ſhe had cauſed, determined to prevent their progreſs.

She found it difficult to throw off the cuſtom ſhe had long indulged of viewing things on the worſt ſide of the queſtion. At laſt, however, ſhe became ſo perfectly reformed, that ſhe ſtudied only the pleaſing parts of characters, and was never heard to ſpeak ill of any one.

Maria became more and more convinced of the pernicious conſequences that ariſe from expoſing

poſing the faults of others, and began to feel the pleaſing ſatisfaction of univerſal charity. My dear children, ſhun the voice of ſcandal, and ſtill more being the authors of it, as you would plague, peſtilence, and famine.

CLARISSA; OR, THE GRATEFUL ORPHAN.

THE amiable Dorinda, ſoon after the miſfortune of loſing her huſband, was ſo unhappy as to have a law-ſuit determined to her diſadvantage, and thereby loſt great part of her poſſeſſions, which were taken from her with the moſt unrelenting hand. This reduced her to the neceſſity of ſelling all her furniture, and the greater part of her jewels. The produce of theſe were placed in the hands of a banker, and retired

to

to a village, where ſhe could live much cheaper than in the metropolis, and with tolerable decency.

She had not paſſed more than two months in this retreat, when information was brought her that her banker had failed in trade, and conſequently all her money was loſt. Judge what muſt be the horrors of her ſituation! Sickneſs and grief had ſo debilitated her conſtitution, that ſhe was unable to do any kind of work, whereby to procure a ſubſiſtence; and, after having paſſed her youth in eaſe and pleaſure, ſhe had no reſources left in the evening of her life, but that of a workhouſe, or common beggary.

Not one of her acquaintance would ſee her, nor condeſcend to take the leaſt intereſt in her ſufferings. Being brought by her huſband from a foreign country, ſhe had no friends to fly to for aſſiſtance, except a diſtant relation whom ſhe had brought with her to England, and who, by her huſband's credit, gained great riches; but this man's avarice was greater than his wealth, and there was little charity to be expected from a man, who denied himſelf the common neceſſaries of life.

Afflicted virtue, however, always finds reſource in the bounteous hands of Providence, and ſhe found the means of ſubſiſtence where ſhe little expected it. In the former days of her proſperity, ſhe had adopted a female orphan, whoſe name was Clariſſa, who now became her gaudian and protector. Clariſſa had a grateful heart: ſhe wept for the misfortunes of her friend, but ſhe rejoiced at the thoughts of having an opportunity to ſhew her gratitude.

When Dorinda mentioned her deſign of ſeeking refuge in a pariſh workhouſe, "No, (ſaid Clariſſa) you ſhall never leave me. From your tenderneſs I formerly received the indulgences of a beloved child; and, if in your proſperity I thought myſelf happy in the idea of being ſo nearly related to you, by adoption, I ſtill think it more ſo now I ſee you in adverſity. Thank Heaven and your adoption for my comfortable ſituation! your maternal conduct was amply diſplayed in teaching me all the neceſſary female arts; and I am happy in the reflection, that I can make uſe of my knowledge for your ſake. With health and courage, I fear not being able to procure for us both at leaſt a comfortable living."

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This generous offer exceedingly affected the unhappy widow, who embraced Clariſſa, and with joy accepted of her propoſal. This amiable girl, in her turn, became the mother, by adoption, of her former benefactreſs. Not contented with feeding her with the produce of an unremitted labour, ſhe conſoled her in affliction, attended her in ſickneſs, and endeavoured, by the tendereſt methods, to ſoften the iron hand of Fortune.

For two years did the conſtancy and ardour of Clariſſa continue with unwearied attention, and her only happineſs ſeemed to conſiſt in promoting that of her friend. At the end of that period, when death relieved the unhappy Dorinda from the cares and troubles of this life, ſhe ſincerely lamented her death, and bewailed it as a grievous misfortune.

A ſhort time after died alſo the relation of Dorinda, of whom we have lately ſpoken, and who had ſhewn himſelf ſo ſhamefully inſenſible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not carry his riches with him, he ſuppoſed it would be making ſome atonement for his ungenerous conduct, by leaving the injured Dorinda every thing he poſſeſſed. Alas! it came too late, for ſhe was no more!

The amiable Dorinda had not, before her death the conſolation of knowing that ſuch a change had happened in her fortune, as in that caſe ſhe might have eaſily turned it to the advantage of the generous Clariſſa. This large fortune, therefore, for want of an heir, fell to the king; but Providence ſo directed it, that the generous conduct of the orphan to her benefactreſs reached the ears of the prince. "Ah! then, (ſaid he) ſhe merits this inheritance! I renounce my right in her favour, and ſhall be happy in being her father and friend."

This generous act of the king was applauded by the whole nation; and Clariſſa, having thus received ſo glorious a reward for her gratitude, employed it in the maintenance of orphans, ſuch as ſhe herſelf had been. It was the ſummit of her delight, to inſpire them with ſentiments ſimilar to thoſe ſhe herſelf poſſeſſed.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL, THE NOBLEST REVENGE.

"I WILL be revenged of him, that I will, and make him heartily repent it," ſaid little Philip to himſelf, with a countenance quite red with anger. His mind was ſo engaged, that as he walked along, he did not ſee his dear friend Stephen, who happened at that inſtant to meet him, and conſequently heard what he had ſaid.

"Who is that, (ſaid Stephen) that you intend to be revenged on?" Philip, as though awakened from a dream, ſtopped ſhort, and looking at his friend ſoon reſumed the ſmile that was natural to his countenance. "Ah! (ſaid he) come with me, my friend, and you ſhall ſee whom I will be revenged on. I believe you remember my ſupple jack, a very pretty little cane, which my father gave me. You ſee it is now all in pieces. It was farmer Robinſon's ſon, who lives in yonder thatched cottage, that reduced it to this worthleſs ſtate."

Stephen very coolly aſked him, what induced the farmer's ſon to break it. "I was walking very peaceably along, (replied Philip) and was playing with my cane, by twiſting it round my body. By ſome accident or other, one of the two ends got out of my hand when I was oppoſite the gate juſt by the wooden bridge, and where the little miſcreant had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. It ſo happened, that my cane, in ſpringing, overſet the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up cloſe to me, and began to call me names, when I aſſured him I did not intend any harm, what I had done was by accident, and

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I was very ſorry for it. Without paying any regard to what I ſaid, he inſtantly ſeized my ſupple jack, and twiſted it as you here ſee; but I will make him heartily repent it."

"To be ſure, (ſaid Stephen) he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly puniſhed for it, ſince nobody likes him, nor will do any thing for him. He finds it very difficult to get any companion to play with him, and if he attempts to intrude himſelf into their company, they will all inſtantly leave him. To conſider this properly, I think, ſhould be ſufficient revenge for you."

"All this is true, (replied Philip) but he has broken my cane. It was a preſent from my papa, and a very pretty cane you know it was. My father will perhaps aſk me what is become of it; and, as he will ſuppoſe I have careleſsly loſt his preſent, he will probably be angry with me, of which this little ſaucy fellow will be the cauſe. I offered to fill his pitcher again, having knocked it down by accident—I will be revenged."

"My dear friend, (ſaid Stephen) I think you will act better in not minding him, as your contempt will be the beſt puniſhment you can inflict on him. He is not upon a level with you, and

you

you may be aſſured that he will always be able to do more miſchief to you, than you would chooſe to do him. And now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long ſince.

"Very unluckily for him, he chanced to ſee a bee hovering about a flower, which he caught; and was going to pull off its wings out of ſport, when the animal found means to ſting him, and then flew away in ſafety to the hive. The pain put him into a moſt furious paſſion, and, like you, he vowed to take a ſevere revenge. He accordingly procured a little hazle ſtick, and thruſt it through the hole into the bee-hive, twiſting it about therein. By theſe means, he killed ſeveral of the little animals; but, in an inſtant, all the ſwarm iſſued out, and falling upon him, ſtung him in a thouſand different places. You will naturally ſuppoſe that he uttered the moſt piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the exceſs of his agony. His father ran to him, but could not, without the greateſt difficulty, put the bees to flight, after having ſtung him ſo ſeverely, that he was confined ſeveral days to his bed.

"Thus, you ſee, he was not very ſucceſsful in his purſuit of revenge. I would adviſe you therefore to paſs over his inſult, and leave others

to puniſh him, without your taking any part in it. Beſides, he is a wicked boy, and much ſtronger than you are; ſo that your ability to obtain revenge may be doubtful."

"I muſt own, (replied Philip) that your advice ſeems very good. So come along with me, and I will go and tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me. It is not the cane that I value on any other conſideration than that it was my father's preſent, and I would wiſh to convince him that I take care of every thing he gives me." He and his friend then went together, and Philip told his father what had happened, who thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given his ſon, and gave Philip another cane exactly like the firſt.

A few days afterwards, Philip ſaw this ill-natured boy fall as he was carrying home a very heavy log of wood, which he could not get up again. Philip ran to him, and replaced it on his ſhoulder.

Young Robinſon was quite aſhamed at the thought of having received this kind aſſiſtance from a youth he had treated ſo badly, and heartily repented of his behaviour. Philip went home quite

quite ſatisfied, to think he had aſſiſted one he did not love, and from pure motives of tenderneſs and humanity. "This, (ſaid he) is the nobleſt vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil."

GREY HAIRS MADE HAPPY.

OPPOSITE to the houſe in which Charlotte's parents lived, was a little opening, ornamented with a graſs-plot, and overſhaded by a venerable tree, commanding an extenſive view before it. On this delightful ſpot, Charlotte uſed frequently to ſit in her little chair, while employed in knitting ſtockings for her mamma.

As ſhe was one day thus employed, ſhe ſaw a poor old man advancing very ſlowly towards her. His hair was as white as ſilver, and his back bent with age; he ſupported himſelf by a ſtick, and ſeemed to walk with great difficulty. "Poor man, (ſaid Charlotte, looking at him moſt tenderly) he ſeems to be very much in pain, and perhaps is very poor, which are two dreadful evils!"

She alſo ſaw a number of boys, who were following cloſe behind this poor old man. They paſſed jokes upon his threadbare coat, which had very long ſkirts, and ſhort ſleeves, contrary to the faſhion of thoſe days. His hat, which was quite ruſty, did not eſcape their notice; his cheeks were hollow and his body thin. Theſe wicked boys no ſooner ſaw him, than they all burſt out a laughing. A ſtone lay in his way, which he did not perceive, and over it he ſtumbled, and had like to have fallen. This afforded them ſport, and they laughed loudly; but it gave great pain to the poor old man, who uttered a deep ſigh.

"I once was as young as you are, (ſaid he to the boys) but I did not laugh at the infirmities of age as you do. The day will come in which you

will be old yourſelves, and every day is bringing you forward to that period. You will then be ſenſible of the impropriety of your preſent conduct." Having thus ſpoken, he endeavoured to hobble on again, and made a ſecond ſtumble, when, in ſtruggling to ſave himſelf from falling, he dropped his cane, and down he fell. On this the wicked boys renewed their laugh, and highly enjoyed his misfortune.

Charlotte, who had ſeen every thing that had paſſed, could not help pitying the old man's ſituation, and therefore putting down her ſtocking on the chair, ran towards him, picked up the cane and gave it him, and then taking hold of his other arm, as if ſhe had been as ſtrong as a woman, adviſed him to lean upon her, and not mind any thing the boys might ſay to him.

The poor old man looking at her very earneſtly, "Sweet child, (ſaid he) how good you are! This kindneſs makes me in a moment forget all the ill behaviour of thoſe naughty boys. May you ever be happy." They then walked on together; but the boys being probably made aſhamed of their conduct by the behaviour of Charlotte, followed the old man no further.

While the boys were turning about, one of them fell down alſo, and all the reſt began laughing, as they had before done at the old man. He was very angry with them on that account, and as ſoon as he got up, ran after his companions, pelting them with ſtones. He inſtantly became convinced how unjuſt it was to laugh at the diſtreſſes of another, and formed a reſolution, for the future, never to laugh at any perſon's pain. He followed the old man he had been laughing at, though at ſome diſtance, wiſhing for an opportunity to do him ſome favour, by way of atonement for what he had done.

The good old man, in the mean time, by the kind aſſiſtance of Charlotte, proceeded with ſlow but ſure ſteps. She aſked him to ſtop and reſt himſelf a little, and told him, that her houſe was that before him. "Pray ſtay, (ſaid ſhe) and ſit a little under that large tree. My parents, indeed, are not at home, and therefore you will not be ſo well treated; yet it will be a little reſt to you."

The old man accepted Charlotte's offer. She brought him out a chair, and then fetched ſome bread and cheeſe and good ſmall beer, which was all the pretty maid could get at. He thanked her

very kindly, and then entered into converſation with her.

"I find, my dear, (ſaid he) you have parents. I doubt not but you love them, and they love you. They muſt be very happy, and may they always continue to be ſo!"

"And pray, good old man, (ſaid Charlotte) I ſuppoſe you have got children."—"I had a ſon (replied he) who lived in London, loved me tenderly, and frequently came to ſee me; but, alas! he is now dead, and I am left diſconſolate. His widow, indeed, is rich; but ſhe aſſumes the character of the lady, and thinks it beneath her to enquire whether I be dead or living, as ſhe does not wiſh it to be known, that her huſband's father is a peaſant."

Charlotte was much affected, and could hardly believe that ſuch cruel people exiſted. "Ah! certain I am, (ſaid ſhe) that my dear mother would not behave ſo cruelly." He then roſe and thanked Charlotte with a bleſſing; but ſhe was determined not to leave him, till ſhe had accompanied him a little way further.

As they walked on, they ſaw the little boy who had been following them; for he run on ſome way before, and was then ſitting on the graſs.

When they looked upon him he caſt his eyes downwards, got up after they had paſſed, and followed them again. Charlotte obſerved him, but ſaid nothing.

She aſked the old man if he lived alone. "No, little lady, (anſwered he) I have a cottage on the other ſide of that meadow, ſeated in the middle of a little garden, with an orchard and a ſmall field. An old neighbour, whoſe cottage fell down through age, lives with me, and cultivates my ground. He is an honeſt man, and I am perfectly eaſy in his ſociety; but the loſs of my ſon ſtill bears hard upon me, nor have I the happineſs to ſee any of his children, who muſt by this time have forgotten me."

Theſe complaints touched the heart of Charlotte, who told him, that ſhe and her mother would come and ſee him. The ſenſibility and kindneſs of this little girl ſerved only to aggravate his grief, by bringing to his mind the loſs he had ſuſtained in his ſon. Tears came in his eyes, when he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe them; and, inſtead of again putting it into his pocket, in the agitation of his mind, it ſlipped aſide, and fell unnoticed by him or Charlotte.

The

The little boy, who followed them, ſaw the handkerchief fall, ran to pick it up, and gave it the old man, ſaying, "Here, good old man, you dropped your handkerchief, and here it is."—— "Thank you heartily, my little friend, (ſaid the old man). Here is a good-natured lad, who does not ridicule old age, nor laugh at the afflictions that attend it. You will certainly become an honeſt man. Come both of you to my habitation, and I will give you ſome milk." They had no ſooner reached the old man's cottage than he brought out ſome milk, and the beſt bread he had, which, though coarſe, was good. They all ſat down upon the graſs, and made a comfortable repaſt. However, Charlotte began to be afraid her parents might come home, and be uneaſy at her abſence; and the little boy was ſorry to go, but was ſadly afraid, ſhould he ſtay, of being ſcolded by his mother.

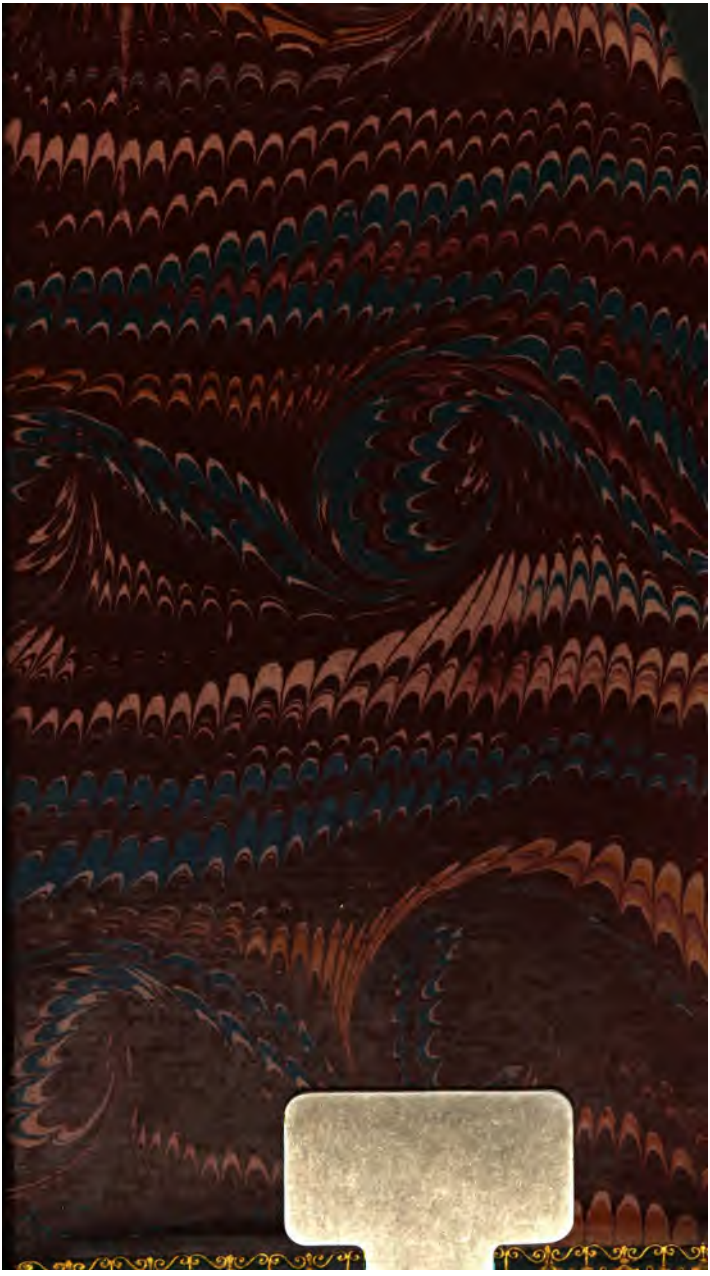
"This mother of your's, (ſaid the old man) muſt be very croſs to ſcold you."—"She is not always ſo, (replied the boy) but though ſhe loves me, ſhe makes me fear her."—"And your father?" "Oh, I ſcarcely knew him, he having been dead theſe four years."—"Dead theſe four years! (interrupted the old man, and fixing his eyes attentively

tentively on the boy). Is it poſſible that I have ſome recollection of your features? Can it be little Francis!"—"Yes, yes, Francis is my name."

For a few moments the old man ſtood motionleſs, and with an altered voice, his eyes ſwimming with tears, cried out, "My dear Francis, you do not recollect your grandfather! Embrace me! You have got the very features of my ſon! My deareſt child, you was not thinking of me! My ſon affectionately loved me, and his ſon will love me alſo. My old age will not be ſo miſerable as I expected, and the evening of my life will not paſs without ſome joy. I ſhall depart in peace!——But I forget, that by detaining you, I may expoſe you to your mother's anger. Go, my dear child, for I do not wiſh that my joy ſhould coſt you tears. Go, love your mother, and obey her commands, even though you ſhould not come and ſee me. Come and ſee me if you can; but do not diſobey or tell a ſtory on any account."

He then turned to Charlotte, and ſaid, though he then did not wiſh her to ſtay, for fear of offending her parents, yet he hoped ſhe would come again. He then diſmiſſed them, giving them a hearty bleſſing, and the two children walked away hand in hand. Charlotte got home ſafe before her

her parents, who were not long after her, when she told them every thing that had passed, which furnished an agreeable conversation for the evening.

The next day, they all went to see the good old man, and afterwards frequently repeated their visits. Francis also came to see his grandfather, who was rejoiced to hear him speak, and to receive his affectionate caresses. Francis, on his side, was equally rejoiced, excepting when he did not meet with Charlotte; for then he went home sorrowful and sad.

The nearer Francis arrived to manhood, the more his affections for Charlotte encreased; and accordingly, when he was old enough to marry, he would think of no other woman, though she was not rich. The old man lived to see them married and happy, and then finally closed his eyes in peace.